

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.



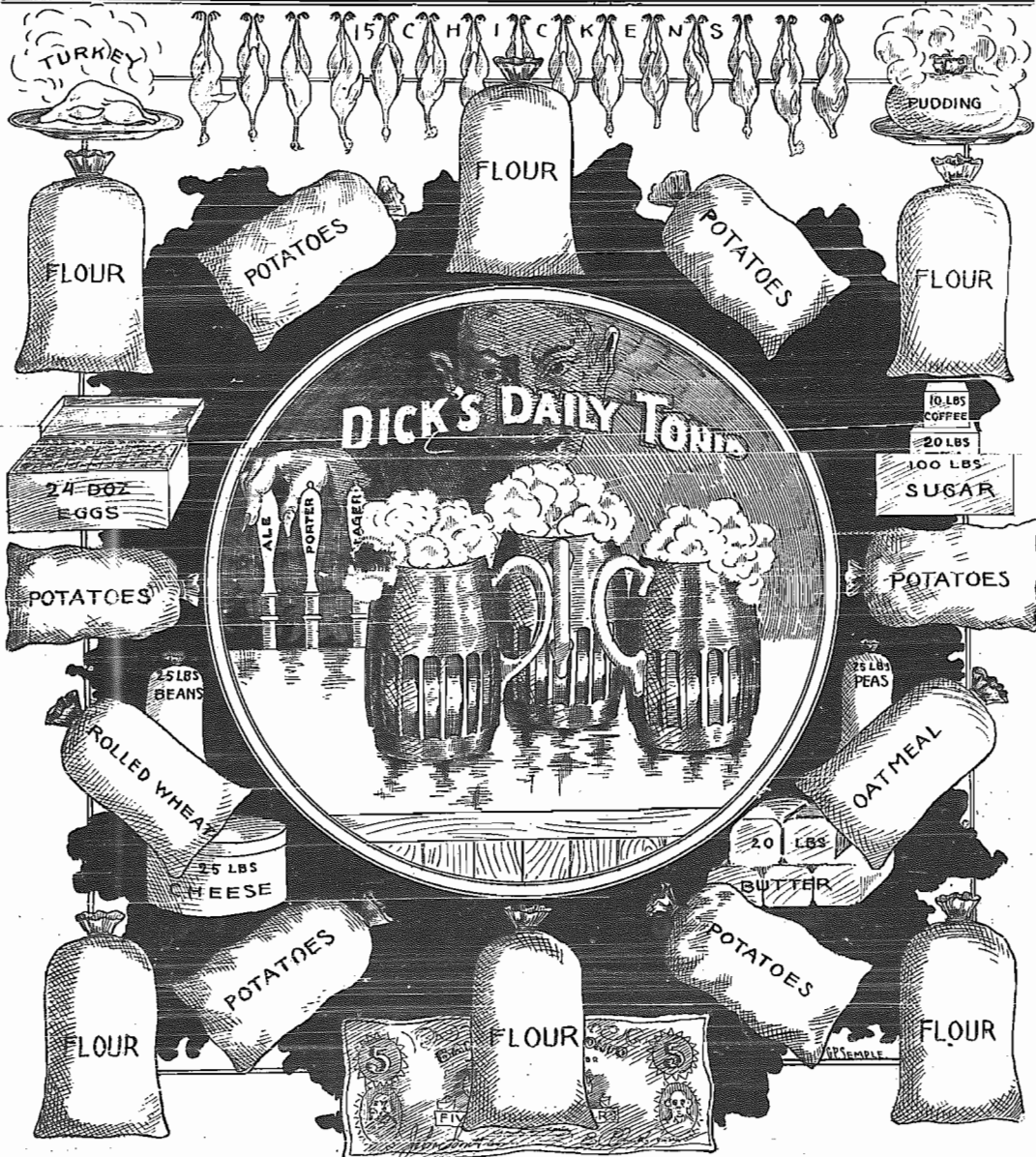
17th Year, No. 28.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1901

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

(See article on p. 6.)

A Sour Dough's Conversion, Or, THREE TIMES AND OUT.

By ADJUT. BARR, Klondike.

Sam was not born religious; nor were his early days characterized by the exhibition of the pious spirit, for the contrary, life was very much a failure from a religious standpoint, and his wilful, headstrong spirit led him out into the world at an age when he should have been profiting by the influences of paternal care. Sam is a minor. He once tried farming. That's the only time he has any recollection of having tried it, and to-day he has a deeply-rooted conviction that he will never try it again. If you were acquainted with him you would say "Amen" to that determination; anyhow, mineralized rock and gold-streaked sand won his heart, and digging the precious metals is profitable to him to such a degree, that he ground over with a plough. He is a good miner, however, and knows the practical side of it. There is nothing sentimental or fanciful about him; he is a hard-thinking, practical sort of an individual, who generally understands what he is doing. As I have already mentioned, he left home early in life, and as a consequence, has been made acquainted with the rough side of it, to a considerable extent, for he acquired habits—most people do. Sam's habits, however, could not be said to be of a commendable character, inasmuch as, during his early life, he was a gambler, etc., figured conspicuously in his every-day life. He was a master hand with the cards, and more than once or twice has played his man for all that was in front of him, and seen the other fellow leave the table "dead broke." I don't think he was much of a drunkard, but—

He Literally Ate Tobacco.

Then his temper was slightly volatile in character, and a very dangerous lion to trifle with. Taken all round, Sam certainly was not angelic, and had his failings. Nevertheless, he got converted, and to-day is as consistent as the sun. He was formerly a gambler, and he was also a card player, and he was also a card player, and he was also a card player.

On three different occasions our hero remembers having been dealt with by the Spirit of God. The first time was when a mere lad, and had there been someone to have led him into the light at that time, life for him might have been altogether different. Unfortunately for him, this time he was not to have, and the seed of sin and sorrow sown before any such desire was again created within his breast.

Tried Uncle Sam.

Having left his native country, Sweden, Sam eventually turned up in Uncle Sam's country, and I think it was in Minnesota where he next felt seriously the need of a Saviour; but this impression was soon overcome, and, led by the glitter of the yellow metal, the Kootenay country was next favored by his presence, and profited, or otherwise, by his influence. But when the tales of untold wealth in this far off northern country reached Sam's ears, then the Kootenay country lost its charms for him, and he hit the trail for the Klondike. Stampedes and gold fever, perhaps, played the most important part in Sam's life for a considerable time after his arrival in this wonderful camp. He made money, and like every other indie gambler, he lost money at the gambling table, he lost money. Religion was in the way of the question; in fact, he did not trouble about it at all. That was in no way his object in coming to Dawson City. There was nothing in it for him—his object was to make a stake.

Twenty minutes before his conversion he had no idea of taking such a step, yet at the end of that twenty minutes he was a converted man. How it came about was in this way: He was sitting alone in his cabin, on Heater Creek, when all of a sudden he thought he ought to get saved. He had not been attending religious meetings.

a look into his partner's Bible and see if there was anything there that was for him. His first random shot was John III. "Ye must be born again." He shut the book, thinking that was pretty straight; however, he would have another try. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He did not know that he was in the same chapter; all he knew was he more than ever felt that God was dealing with him. "Well, I'll have one more try," thought Sam, and the result of the next try was more than even a stout-hearted miner could stand. "This is the third time I am coming to you. In the month of two or three witnesses shall every word be established. I told you before, and foretell you as if I were present the second time, and being absent now I write to them which heretofore have sinned, and to all other, that if I come again I will not spare." (II. Cor. 1. 2). Sam was on his knees in a second, and almost before he asked he received. God met with him, and he rose to his feet a new creature in Christ Jesus. That was nearly a year ago. To-day he is busy rubbing mother-earth of her hidden treasure, but has in his heart a treasure all the gold mines in the Yukon Territory could not buy.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

Does the Master Whom thou servest Bid thee follow in His way?
Oh, the path is steep and narrow,
Surely thou wilt go astray!

High the mountains, rough the valleys;
Cold the deserts, fierce the seas;
Dark and drear the lonely garden—
Canst thou go with Him through these?

Wouldst thou follow though He leads To Golgotha's cross-crowned hill?
There His hands were pierced with nail-points—
Wouldst thou follow even still?

But the way the Master trod Leads past Calvary—leads triumphant To the City of our God!

Hope her radiant wings outstretches,
Points beyond the mountain height,
Fast the tomb, into the glory
Of the resurrection light.

Though the road be hard, press forward,
Through His all-sufficient grace;
Onward! upward! till victorious
You behold Him face to face!

E. G. B.

NOTES FROM LONDON.

The T. F. S.—Major McMillan Comrades J. S. Demonstration—Staff-Capt. Cowan Farewell to W. Wakefield Improving.

Two nights this week we had with us Ensign Hoddinott. On Thursday night his lantern service, entitled "The Station-Master," was listened to by an appreciative audience. "The best yet," was the verdict.

Friday and Saturday, owing to the illness of Adj. Wakefield, Lieutenant Kitchen led the meeting. On Sunday, Major and Mrs. McMillan at Staff-Capt. Rawling came to our assistance, and good meetings were the result. In the afternoon the Juniors took the platform and performed their part very creditably. J. S. M. spoke of his work, and testified to the fact that he had found God's grace sufficient in every trying hour. Corps-Cadets Willie Wakefield and Willie McMillan sang "When the old denizens is gone." The Major then spoke a few earnest words on behalf of the Juniors and workers, urging all to pray and work for the salvation of the children. God bless them.

Sunday night it had been announced as the farewell meeting of Staff-Capt. Cowan, of the Rescue Home. We were pleased to see an increase in the attendance. The Staff-Captain, in a few minutes, reviewed his sojourn in London, having been here three times—once in the corps, then to open the Rescue Home, and again to take charge of the Rescue Home; so London is almost home to him.

It was while stationed at the corps that she was put in jail, with others, for marching the streets and playing the drum; but, glory to God, they kept saved through it all, and the persecution only raised up friends for the Army, and caused many to see themselves as they really were in the sight of God. The Staff-Captain will be missed, not only in the Rescue Work, but in the corps, where her speaking and singing has been a blessing to many. May God bless and go with the Staff-Captain. Five souls

Mrs. Wakefield is improving slowly, and is still in need of the prayers of all.—C. S. M.

Profitable to the Butcher.

A young lady asked a butcher for a dollar towards paying for a temperance lecture. She didn't expect to get it, but the butcher said: "There's your dollar. I've sold more meat in one day since this town went 'no license' than I used to in a whole week when we had saloons."

Picked Up.

The Little Girl was Shocked.

A missionary in China writes: "When the first party of missionaries, in escaping from Hsian, had reached the sea-coast, and had gone aboard a Japanese steamer, one of the little girls in the party was very much surprised and shocked in seeing a man dressed in foreign clothes with a cigarette in his mouth. Running up to him, she said: 'Oh, mamma, there's a man that believes in the true God, and he is smoking.'"

A Skeptic Converted.

Years ago there was in a certain village a young physician who seemed to be a confirmed skeptic. At last, to the surprise of good people, he presented himself to the church committee as a candidate for church membership, and when asked what called his attention to the personal claims of Christ, he answered, "For years I have sat by my office window, and each Friday evening, in storm and fair weather, I have seen good Deacons G— and P— walk past to the church prayer meeting, and their constant 'going' made me think."

It was not what they said, for he had not heard them say anything, but it was their "keeping at it" which shattered the infidelity of his heart.—Sel.

A RETROSPECT.

(Guelph Daily Herald.)

Past, turn awhile and guide me down the corridors of Time, not down where grey with age, or mouldy, or dim, not running back into darkness, or the beginning of things, no as far as that—just seventeen years ago last Saturday.

There he goes reeling, and ever and anon he falls, the fence reel, the sidewalk reel. He looks at the moon, and she goes reeling through the sky. The stars reel with the reeling moon; the Great Dipper becomes upturned, and to this reeling man out-pours a myriad of reeling, uncertain meteors.

He reaches home and falls into a reeling chair, the only one in the room. "Home? Yes, once! A memory now, and a memory no more! It's out now. And the fire burns down—the many flames to a few, the few to one, the one to an uncertain flicker, a flicker that, in charity, traced pictures on the pictureless wall. The flicker fell to a spark. A moment—the spark has gone; darkness! And the children cry, the mother sobs, and the reeling man reels no more, for he is snoring. When he awoke the sun was high, and Sunday morning in Guelph of seventeen years ago was well-advanced. And he heard drums and cornets, and singing, and shouting. His tongue was as hard as one of the boards in the reeling sidewalk of the night before. Someone said:

"The Salvation Army is here." He followed them, and they snote him in his spiritual solar plexus, and he turned from a reeling man to a kneeling man.

The Army shouted, Guelph wondered, and watched. There are no reeling sidewalks, no reeling moons, and upturned Great Dippers now for him; no dying flames sketched on pictureless walls; no darkness, no sobs and crying in his house to-day. He is saved yet.

And last night, as I heard the Army in front of the Post Office someone rend:

"Bring Him thy sorrows,
Bring Him thy tears,
Bring Him thy heartaches.
Bring Him thy fears:
And tell Him plainly
How thou dost feel;
Jesus will pardon,
Jesus will heal."

As they sang, as the drum spoke, as the banjo jingled, I thought of the home as it was, and as it is, and the music seemed doubly sweet.

NOTICE

Re Express Charges on Trade Orders.

It appears that a number of our friends are not quite certain on this point; we therefore insert again the notice which appeared in the War Cry for issues dated April 28th and May 5th of last year, to wit:—

"NEARLY ALL GOODS HAVE MATERIALLY ADVANCED IN PRICE, AND THEREFORE WE ARE COMPELLED TO STOP SENDING GOODS EXPRESS PREPAID. KINDLY NOTE THAT IN FUTURE ORDERS WILL BE SENT

EXPRESS COLLECT, WHILE POSTAGE TO COVER THE CARRIAGE SHOULD ACCOMPANY ALL SMALL ORDERS TO BE SENT BY MAIL."

JNO. M. C. HORN, Major,

Trade Secretary.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS A SALVATION ARMY VERSION.

By CAPTAIN COPPERFIELD.

CHAPTER I

AS I walked through the streets of a certain city, I came to a Night Shelter, and, being tired, turned in there to sleep. And as I slept I dreamt that I saw a man in ragged clothes, standing in a road leading to the country. His face was from his own home, a book was in his hand, and there was a large bundle strapped upon his back. I noticed that he opened the book, and was reading from it, and as he read he wept and trembled. Then he cried out aloud, "What must I do to be saved?"

In his distress he afterwards went home, but tried to hide his feelings from his wife and children. But he could not be silent long, for conviction of sin was upon him. So at length he spoke to them, saying, "Oh, my dear wife, and you, my beloved children, a great burden is upon my heart since I have learnt that this city is to be destroyed by fire from heaven, and that we shall all perish unless some way be found by which we can escape." Then were his family much distressed. Not that they believed that what he said to them was true, but because they thought that he was going out of his mind. So they got him to bed and gave him some anti-bilious pills. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day.

He Could Not Sleep so spent it in thinking of his dangerous state, and in weeping. When morning came they asked him how he felt. "Worse and worse," was his reply. Then he began to talk to them again, but they would not listen. Sometimes they would chide him, sometimes laugh and mock. Then they would neglect him altogether. So he spent the greater part of his time by himself: sometimes reading from his book, sometimes praying, and weeping while he prayed.

Now I saw, in my dream, that he was walking along a country road, reading, and then came to a gate, at which he read he cried out as he had done before, "What must I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he came to a cross-road, and looked as if he wished to run away, but did not know which road to take. Just then it was that a man, named Salvationist, came up and said, "My brother, what is the matter with you?"

He answered, "Captain, I see by the book in my hand that I am already condemned to die, and never that I come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second."

Then said Salvationist, "Why not willing to die, since you have so many troubles to contend with?"

The man answered, "Because I fear to cross the swelling of fashion with this burden on my back. I am not fit to go to judgment, nor willing to go to hell."

Then said Salvationist, "If this is your experience, why do you stand still?"

He answered, "Because no man has told me which way to go."

Then he gave him a War Cry, and there was printed within, "Hasten, sinner! Hasten, sinner, seek the narrow way." The man, therefore, read it, and replied, "Where must I hasten to?"

Then said Salvationist (pointing with his finger), "Do you see yonder setting sun?"

He said, "I think I do."

"Then," continued he, "follow that light until you come to a gate, at which you must knock. You shall then be told what next you are to do."

So I saw, in my dream, that the man began to run, but he had not gone far before his wife and children began to cry after him to return. But he wisely put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!"

So he looked not behind him, but fled to the middle of the plain.

Some neighbors also saw him run, and, as he ran, some mocked, some threatened, and others cried after him to return. Amongst those who did so were two who resolved to fetch him back. One was named Obstinate, and the other Pliable. So they both ran and overtook



"If I ever get out, you can go to Heaven and have my crown as well as yours."

him. Then said the man, "Neighbors, why have you come?"

They said, "To persuade you to go back with us."

But he said, "That can by no means be. We have all lived in the City of Destruction to long. It will be destroyed with fire and brimstone. You had better come along with me."

"What!" said Obstinate, "leave all our mates, and all our pleasures behind. Never to sit down in the Jolly Devil's again, enjoying a glass of beer and pipe of tobacco?"

"Yes," said Pilgrim (for that was his name), "because all that you forsake is not to be compared with what I am seeking to enjoy—namely, religion in heaven, and a crown of glory. Read about it, if you like, in my book."

"Both the book!" said Obstinate, "will you go back with us, or no?"

"No," said Pilgrim, "I will not turn back."

"Come, then, Pliable," said Obstinate, "let us return without him. When a man gets excited about religion he becomes a fool, and will not listen to reason."

Then said Pliable, "Don't curse him. If what he says is true, the things that he goes after are better than those that we have, or will ever get. I have a mind to go with him."

So I saw, in my dream, that Obstinate returned in disgust, and that Pilgrim and Pliable walked along together, and as they went, the former told his companion of what he had read in his book concerning the glories of heaven, and how that there would be no night there, no sickness, nor poverty. So Pliable was delighted with what he was told, and suggested that they should walk a little faster, so as to be there the sooner.

"I cannot go so fast as I would wish," said Christian, "on account of this burden on my back."

"I am glad that I have none on mine," said Pliable.

Now, I saw, in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk they drew near a strip of morass, and not noticing it, they both fell into the soft mud, and got bogged. The name of this place was Devil's Discouragement. Here therefore they wallowed for a time, and Pliable was the first to speak. "Is this the place that you were telling me of?" said he. "If I ever get out, you can go to Heaven and have my crown as well as your own," said he. Then he made a desperate effort to get out on the side nearest his home, and, having succeeded, hurried back.

Left Alone

So Pilgrim was left alone in Devil's Discouragement, and might have stuck fast had not Mr. Social Scheme come to his assistance. Never was a hand more acceptable, than the hand that helped him out.

"How did you get here," asked he. "Please sir," said Pilgrim, "I was bid to go up to yonder gate by a man called Salvationist, so that I might escape the wrath to come, and as I was going, I fell in here."

Then I stepped up to him who plucked him out, and asked him why, since over that place is the way from the city of Destruction to the Sinners' Gate, is it that this morass is not mended or dried up. And he replied, "This is where the scum and dregs of the city are gathered in continually run. For as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition,

need of good council," said Pilgrim. P. O. "I would advise you to get rid of the burden you have told me of. You will never be settled in mind until then. Nor can you serve God while your mind is so disturbed."

PIL. "This is what I want. But I cannot take it off myself, nor is there anyone in my city who can do it. Therefore, I am going this way, as I told you, to be rid of my burden."

P. O. "Who told you to go this way?" PIL. "A man who seemed to be a very great and honorable person, named Salvationist."

T. O. "I thought as much! There is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than the one he would have you take. And that you will soon find, if you lie on this. You have met with a little already, as I can see by the mud of Devil's Discouragement on your clothes. That is the beginning of sorrows that attend those who go that way. I am sure, I am better educated than you. You are full of sin, with weariness, pain, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, swords, lions, devils, darkness, and even death. These things have been confirmed by many who have gone part of the way, and then turned back. Why should a man so carelessly cast away himself by giving heed to a stranger—and that stranger a fanatic?"

PIL. "Why sir, this burden upon my back is more terrible to me than are all these things which you have mentioned. In fact I care not what I may meet with in the way, so long as I may be delivered from this burden."

P. O. "How did you come by it?" PIL. "By reading this book in my hand."

P. O. "I thought so. It has happened to you as unto others who have meddled with things too hard to be understood. They become excited, and in this excitement run into greater dangers than those they flee from, to obtain they know not what."

PIL. "I know what I would obtain. It is freedom from my burden."

P. O. "I could direct you to the obtaining of what you desire, without your running into any dangers, and without going very far for it. Besides, I will add, that instead of these dangers you shall meet with much safety, friendship and content."

PIL. "I would be glad if you would then dwell as a clergyman, named the Right Rev. Devil Doctrine, who devotes his whole time and wealth with such success as yours. He will read you through at a glance. He has successfully dealt with some who have been much worse than you are. To him you can go, and mention his name to him. His house is not quite a mile from here, and if he should not be at home himself, his assistant, the Rev. Smooth-tongue, can do it almost as well as the old man himself. He will ease you of your burden, and if you do not come to return to the city of Destruction, as indeed I would not advise you to do, you can send for your wife and family, for there are houses in this village standing empty, one of which you may rent at a low rate. You will also find profitable work, plenty of cheap food, and what is more, friendly people who will be glad to have you dwell among them."

Now was Pilgrim a bit perplexed, but after a while he said to himself, "If this is true, I had better take the advice that has come so providentially in my way."

PIL. "Sir, this is the way to this clergyman's house."

P. O. "Do you see yonder hill?" PIL. "Yes, clearly."

P. O. "Up that hill you must go, and the first house to the left is his."

(To be continued.)

Now I saw in my dream that by this time Pliable got home to his house. So his neighbors came to visit him, and most of them called him a wise man, and commended him for having again said that as he had started he should have continued and not have left Pilgrim in distress in such a cowardly manner. So Pliable was shamed a bit, but as the days passed he got more confidence, and his adventure was forgotten. So he

Lived and Died in the City of Destruction.

Now as Pilgrim was walking alone by himself, he saw one coming to meet him, and they chanced to meet as they were crossing two paths. The name of this gentleman was Mr. Public Opinion, and he dwelt in the town of Respectability, which was not very far from Pilgrim's birthplace.

This man, then, meeting with Pilgrim, and having heard about him—for his neglect and desertion of his wife and family had been published in the newspapers—thought he would give him a little bit of friendly advice.

"Where are you going and why do you look so troubled?" he asked.

Pilgrim told him his story, and said, "Will you take advice from one who is older than yourself?" asked Mr. Public Opinion.

"If it be good, I will, for I stand in

When Ethan Allen's daughter lay dying, she called her father to her bedside, and said, "Dear father, I am about to cross the cold, dark river. Should I trust my opinions or to the teachings of dear mother?" "Trust to your mother!" said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

Be firm; one constant element of luck is genius, old, old Teutonic pluck; Stick to your aim; the mouglis' hold will slip.

But will clog-hairs loose the bull-dog's grip.

Small though he looks, the jaw that never yields

Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.—Holmes.

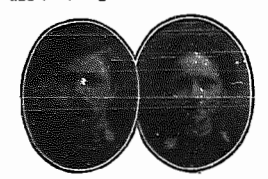


The Man Setting Out on His Pilgrimage.

Montreal Makes Merry.

Major and Mrs. Turner Received Hospitality in Their New Provincial Centre.

It was with very great pleasure that we received the news of the appointment of Major and Mrs. Turner as Provincial Officers to the East Ontario Province, to succeed Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire.



The past faithfulness, devotion, and long service of the Major, had made us feel that he was an example in all points to those under his command.

He commenced operations in this Province by doing Saturday and Sunday's meetings at Peterboro, where his blessed spiritual meetings were held, in which six souls sought the Saviour.

An officers' council was the first meeting the Major conducted in Montreal. All the city officers assembled at the Rescue Home at 3 p.m. on Monday, and everyone extended to the new Provincial Officers a wholehearted welcome to the East Ontario and Quebec Province.

The Major's address was hopeful and inspiring. While dwelling on that portion of Scripture, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me," because He hath anointed Me, He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised," he portrayed the beauty as well as the necessity of us being baptized and possessed by God's Spirit, to heal the outcast, our commission to preach deliverance to the captives. The Major said he felt this was his commission, not only to write letters at Provincial Headquarters, but to do something for his fellow man in the saving of their immortal spirits.

Mrs. Turner spoke with great feeling, saying that she sincerely desired to be a sister and helper to the officer and soldier in the Province, to comfort and cheer, where needed, and help to bear the burdens of those under their command.

A United Welcome Meeting

of friends, soldiers, and officers was held in the Alexander Street barracks. Mr. Poulter, a real stand-by of the Army, who has weathered many a storm, and stuck by the Army through thick and thin, more especially in the earlier days of the Army, when it was forced to go through persecution for the Kingdom's sake, in the Old Country, spoke a few words of welcome on behalf of the friends of the Army's operations in Montreal. Addresses of welcome from Local Officers and representatives of the different Social Institutions in the city were tendered, and Staff-Capt. Burditt spoke on behalf of the officers and soldiers of the Province who were unable to be present.

The Major replied, thanking everyone for the kind expressions of welcome extended to Mrs. Turner and himself, and said that he was not a great hand at making promises, but he would try to live and labor that would make him worthy of the kind expressions that had been given.

He related some of the experiences that he had passed through during the many years of his service under the flag. God had been to him more than he could ever have expected, and he attributed his standing in the position he now occupied to the fact that he had a real personal knowledge of the grace of God. He had every confidence that God, Who had helped him in the past, would stand by him in this new appointment, and make him more than a conqueror.

There was a depth of feeling in the Major's voice that convinced every-

body that he intended to carry out in the truest and strictest sense of the word, all that he had said. A number expressed themselves by saying,

"He is All Right!"

Mrs. Turner was then introduced, and she spoke on her anxiety to do what God wanted her to be, and to do all that lay in her power to help raise and revive the cause of righteousness in the Province. She heartily reciprocated all the love and kind wishes given by the comrades and friends, and she would try, by the help of the Master, to be worthy of the same.

The Major read a few verses of God's Word and presented to the people a picture of two lives. One, a life of sin, which degraded, destroyed, and at last damned; and the second, a life of righteousness, which purified, elevated, and at last transported into a world of bliss.

The meeting then closed, and all assembled started to tender their "God bless you's" and words of love to the new P. O.'s.—One who was there.

NEWFOUNDLAND'S NEW LEADERS.

Warm Welcome Extended to Major and Mrs. Smetton.

Thursday evening, March 21st, the new P. O. arrived by the S. S. Glenore. A few hours after his departure from Halifax, the beautiful "white caps" madly chasing each other over the broad Atlantic, began to lose their charm, and the expectancy of meeting their comrades grew less and less until—but we charitably draw the curtain here—proceeded to the council hall.

The union of spirit of those present soon demonstrated itself by the eagerness of all in beseeching the Throne of Grace for special blessings during these sessions, and the believing faith that the Lord would come and be glorified.

At the Major's entrance, volley after volley was fired so heartily and enthusiastically that none could have the least doubt of their genuineness. The opening song went with a swing, and before its close more than one pair of feet were engaged in rhythmic movements. The prayers of our comrades for special blessing did not pass God's hearing. He came, bless Him! and in a remarkable manner touched our hearts, drawing us closer to Himself, revealing greater possibilities, higher heights each might obtain.

The Major's introduction and reception was again most vociferous. After a few moments he succeeded in getting a hearing, and in a most concise manner made his "debut." His remarks were neat and pithy; plan after plan for greater and more desperate attacks on the enemy, he proposed and laid before us, which were dealt with in an able manner, and were eagerly listened to. His Bible reading

Was Full of Meat.

and one, and many testified, that would live long in their memories, believing it would bring forth good fruit.

In the afternoon session we had the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Smetton, who was feeling anything but what she desired, for, as she, in her opening remarks, stated, the room seemed to be on the see-saw; and though suffering with a very bad cold contracted on the journey, with determination and spirit of "never in," she went in, and her way into the hearts of her hearers.

The afternoon was a season of blessing. Different officers spoke, welcoming the Major, Adj. Curo, Principal of Educational Department, Ensigns Hisebeck, Brown, and Sparks, for their respective commands; Adj. McEwen, St. John's I., and Ensign Noel, Bay Roberts Training Garrison; then Capt. Welsh spoke of "Following Jesus." With a beautiful Bible reading the council closed.

The welcome tea in the school-room was thoroughly enjoyed. Over its sumptuous spread tables we looked into comrades' eyes, and rejoiced in the spirit which made us free, fellow-

ship and love to each other becoming stronger, and repeated testimonies to be true to God, the Army, and the flag were given.

The night meeting in the St. Jean's I. Citadel was all that could be desired, and again our comrades received a welcome. I have no hesitancy in affirming, after this remarkable demonstration, Major and Mrs. Smetton have "caught on"—R. T.

ADJ. ORCHARD AND HIS S.S. TROUPE

Fifty-Nine Seek Pardon and Purity at Listowel and Wingham—Magnificent Crowds.

The Troupe had a glorious time at Listowel. Good crowds came to the barracks, although the weather was very stormy. The soldiers, and some of the young converts, faced the wind and snow and came on the march. Hallelujah! Sergt. Major Brennan was as happy as a king, he is always ready to testify or pray. Sinners got saved every night during our stay.

One man came in from the country. He was a distance of about twelve miles; he had no thought of getting saved when he came to the meeting, but the Holy Spirit of God strove with him, and he gave up sin and got converted.

Prayed until 4 a.m.

A sister had been praying for her husband for eleven years. She went home on Sunday night and prayed for him until 4 o'clock Monday morning. The husband then promised to change his ways. He came to the meeting on Monday night and got gloriously saved. Praise the Lord!

Eighteen got the victory over the pillow and came to kneel-drib. We had a good spiritual breakfast in the upper room. Three came and sought a clean heart in the holiness meeting. We enrolled two soldiers under the Army colors in the afternoon. In the evening the barracks were packed. The crowd was said to be the largest the corps has ever witnessed. We fought for souls until 10:40 p.m. before anyone came forward; then twenty more came, never been converted before, got saved. We finished up with a glory dance.

Our two new converts came to the meeting next night and gave their testimonies. It was too hot for some of the half-healed professors; they had to leave the building. On Monday night the barracks was well filled. Two came to the Cross. Sixty stayed for the half-night of prayer. The old devil was very mad and tried his best to upset the meeting, but he did not succeed very well inside. He tried outside, however, by knocking at the door and rattling the windows. In spite of the devil we had a good time, with ten at the penitent form.

Ten at the penitent form during our stay, twenty, and eight for sanctification. Ten have promised to take their stand as soldiers. Bless God! Things are picking up at Listowel. They have a splendid lot of Juniors, too. God bless the little boys. Capt. Bugher and Lieut. Stickells are in command. We were treated with the very essence of kindness by a God. Bless Listowel.

Wingham

The Wingham corps seems to be on the up-grade. Capt. Pye and Cade-Lieut. Yarmans are surely attending the warriors on to victory. The Troupe left no stone unturned to get people saved. The crowds were A 1.

Sunday, at 7 a.m., twelve of us met together to praise the Lord, and thank God, our spiritual strength was renewed. We were bent on having victory. Our desire was to see sinners saved and professors sanctified, and according to our faith it was done. We had a very successful business meeting. The brass band came, as the people to look with amazement, as it had been a long time since they had heard an Army band. Four hundred of the Mercy Sent in the holiness meeting. In the afternoon a good crowd gathered around the open-air ring. Three hundred people attended the meeting in the barracks. One volunteered for salvation—a good case. At night the barracks was filled, three hundred and twenty being present.

Such a crowd had not been seen there for years. We worked, and prayed, and belived until 10:55 p.m. before anyone came to the Cross; then we had the joy of seeing

(To be continued.)

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dudley has just been the scene of a great campaign by the General. The battles were tremendous, resulting in a glorious outbreak of revival flames. One hundred and one souls sought salvation and cleansing.

Miss Catherine Booth, the Chief of the Staff's eldest daughter, recently led the Sunday night's meeting at her own corps, for the first time. Miss Catherine is a Corps-Cadet and an aggressive Salvationist.

The Chief of the Staff has just celebrated his forty-fifth birthday. The Canadian forces join in wishing him many glorious returns of the day.

Colonel Lawley is gradually gaining ground.

The Army has lost a true friend in the sudden death of the Rev. Erith Thomas, of Bristol, who was Mrs. General Booth was a great admirer of Dr. Thomas, the father of our late friend, who was recognized as a man with a great intellect, and a powerful preacher. The Rev. Erith followed his father's footsteps. He took a deep interest, not only in our work at Bristol, but in the movement throughout the world.

UNITED STATES.

The Consul's Self-Denial tour is being attended with special success. A magnificent reception was accorded the Consul at Rochester and Dubois. Not less than two thousand people were turned from the doors of an Lyceum Theatre, necessitating an over-flow meeting, and a large auditorium. A magnificent new barracks was opened at Dubois.

AUSTRALASIA.

The great Australian Staff Councils, which have just concluded in Melbourne, by universal consent, are far ahead of any gatherings of the kind that have ever been held under the Southern Cross.

A great revival campaign has just been launched by the Commandant, to extend over a period of three months.

The officers and girls of the Indian Creek Girls' Home have contributed the value of 45 bricks to the new Training Home. Truly an act of love and appreciation of the Army's work.

The missionary meeting and farewell to the Indian Boys which took place in the Melbourne Town Hall was an effective scene. A chorus of 400 Juniors took part in the demonstration.

The formation of an ambulance brigade, composed of officers of the Headquarters Staff, is one of the latest enterprises. This brigade is accomplishing splendid work for God and humanity.

The erection of the Federal Training Garrison is proceeding with great rapidity. The stone-laying ceremony will not now take place until the opening of the building in July.

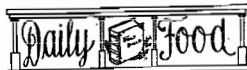
The old Prison-Gate House, at Ballarat, has been appropriated by the acquisition of a more commodious and better equipped building. The opening ceremony, conducted by Brigadier Kyle, passed off very successfully.

Capt. Susie French is the latest addition to the Headquarters Staff, and occupies the position of shorthand and typist to the Social Department.



Safest Rest.

Our fretful, fickle hearts are always seeking for something solid and unchangeable. We need a resting-place, and we cannot find it in ourselves. In religion, especially, we must have some solid basis somewhere. Those who complain of any definiteness in religious thought and feeling are setting themselves against a real craving of our nature. We are wanderers, and we know we are, and we want the sense of security, of home. Many threat souls go to some church which speaks with the voice of certainty. Others go to some firm and steadfast body of truth. Christ invites us to come to Him, Who is the Truth, and whose body is the Church. He abides for ever, unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. "Come unto Me and rest," He says. We can lay our weary head down on His breast, and know that we are safe at home.



SUNDAY.—St. John xviii. 1-14.

And now comes the arrest of Jesus. It took place in Gethsemane, a garden whose owner was probably a friend of Jesus, and in which Him and His disciples the use of it. The traitor knew it as a place whither the Lord oftentimes resorted. To this familiar place things which were hidden from Him. As the night became late, the noise of the approaching rabble for soldiers and priests' emissaries was heard by the little party, and the flash of their torches was seen through the olive trees. To this crowd Christ goes forth from the shade and the shelter of the garden, and offers Himself for trial, only asking that His disciples may be permitted to go their way. Peter, who all through the afternoon and evening seems to have been quite out of touch with Christ, blunders once more, and has to be rebuked by his Master. No reader can fail to be impressed with the perfect voluntariness of Christ's surrender. To the last it was His meat, not to seek His own advantage and safety, but to do the Father's will. Yet there are professed disciples who are astonished when God thwarts their self-seeking schemes. The grace of God is offered to us, not to enable us more successfully and easily to live unto ourselves, but to enable us to deny ourselves and follow Christ in willing surrender to the glorious will of God.

MONDAY.—St. John xviii. 15-27.

Peter's self-asserviveness reaches its climax of disaster and shame. As his own later experience shows, a strong nature, filled and controlled by the Spirit of Christ, can become a mighty power for God amongst men. But a strong nature out at adventure in its own will and wisdom, is sure to work mischief. In some cases the only cure seems to be the one administered to Peter; and the man who thinks himself so wise and loyal and capable is left to himself to discover, in bitter anguish and failure, that for him, as for all others, Christ's word is truth—"Without Me ye can do nothing."

TUESDAY.—St. John xviii. 28-40.

The high priest, from whose house Jesus is now taken, had already condemned Him to death (see Matt. xxvi. 68). But under the Roman rule the Jews had no power to inflict capital punishment. They therefore hasten to Pilate at the Prætorium, to get him

to confirm their decision and execute the sentence upon Christ. Pilate shirks the task, and bids them abide with Christ according to their own law, and mete out to Him such punishment as was within their authority. But this would not have suited their evil purpose, and so they persevere. By being handed over to the Roman magistrate, it came about that Jesus was crucified, a form of capital punishment which the Jews never inflicted, even when they had the power; and thus the word of Jesus was fulfilled which He spoke, intimating that He would die by crucifixion (xli. 32-33). Amidst the wildest extravagances of human passion, God, with perfect ease, fulfils the counsel of His own will.

WEDNESDAY.—St. John xix. 1-16.

With wicked weakness, Pilate yielded to the clamours of the mob, and delivered Christ unto them to be killed. And so it came that just as Jew and Gentile united to crucify the Lord of glory, "Him," said Peter to the Jews a few weeks later, "being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." And in the sorrowful experiences of Christ's people there is often the same strange blending of gracious Sovereignty and human wickedness, both working towards an ultimate issue of glory and joy.

THURSDAY.—St. John xix. 17-30.

"The cry, 'It is finished,' was not the cry of a worn-out life, but the shout of triumph. His work was finished, and all God's purposes accomplished (xviii. 4); that all had now been done which could be done to make God known to men, and to identify men with Him." The same sense of a great peace in the consciousness of having finished life's task was also experienced by St. Paul as death drew near: "I have fought a good fight," he exclaims, "I have finished my course; I have kept the faith!" Happy Master! Happy servant! Oh, that we may so obey Him, this and all the days, that a like happiness may be ours!

FRIDAY.—St. John xix. 31-42.

We are glad to find from verse 39 that poor, timid Nicodemus had not ceased to love and follow Christ. We have heard and seen little of him since he came by night to Christ, "at the first" (John vi. 15). Now he comes out right gladly for his Lord. In the intervening years many others had made a conspicuous profession for a time, but afterward fell away. This timid soul, however, found grace to endure. Yes, there are some of us too, who are very slow to learn wisdom for Jesus; but if we will only cleave to Him, into even our weak hearts He will breathe a heavenly courage, and give us our opportunity of faithful witness.

SATURDAY.—St. John xx. 1-18.

We are now to read of the bewildering surprises and delights of the resurrection. In the first moments of her joy Mary seems to have supposed that the old sweet fellowship of the past with Christ was about to be renewed on earth (verses 16-17). But no! He would not share the shadow of earth with the Father and with His Son in the glories of the heavenly life. This same lesson we, too, have to learn. "If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek these things which are above, where Christ sits at the right hand of God." The only home for our hearts from which we shall never be evicted is the presence of the Risen Lord. Let us settle down there.

OUR LOCALS.

The Treasurer of North Sydney on "Making Excuses."

In the 14th chapter of Luke, our Saviour tells us that a certain man made a great supper to which he invited many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them, "Come, for all things are now ready." What did these persons do that were invited? "And they all with one accord began to make excuse."

This certain man represents God; the supper, salvation through Jesus Christ, with all its attendant blessings, and we are the people who are invited, and many of us have been making an excuse. This excuse is the same as ever, although different circumstances are brought forward, yet it all amounts to the putting off of your soul's salvation to a more convenient season.

A person coming to the S. A. barracks in the town on a Sunday afternoon or evening, would find the place almost crowded with young men and women, many of whom know perfectly well that the Salvation Army is their proper place, but who have not the moral courage to step out on God's precious promises. Now, if those people only gave God their heart and counted themselves with the Army, what valiant soldiers they would make. If anyone speaks to them about their soul's salvation, the very first thing they do is, make an excuse.

One says, "I know I should give (address only), but I am too busy to do it."

When Will You Have Leisure?

"Friend, when do you think you will have any more leisure? Is it not likely that you will be just as busy ten years from hence, if you are living as you are now, or do you think you will have any more leisure? Suppose you will never have any more time at your disposal, what then?"

Another, if asked the same question, will say, "There is plenty of time." He does not say he has no leisure, but thinks it is not necessary to be in a hurry. Plenty of time? How do you know? How long are you going to live? Ten years? One year? One month? One day? Why do you not answer? You may be in good health now, but persons just as healthy as you have been hurried into eternity without a moment's warning.

Then again there are those, who admit they would like to be saved, and they intend to accept salvation some time, but then they want to enjoy this world's pleasures first. These people think that religion is all right for father, mother, sick people, and even Salvation Soldiers, but not for themselves while they can enjoy the world. Believe me, the devil is deceiving you when he tells you that you will lose all pleasure when you become religious. Instead of the real religion of Christ, which is a pure, joyful, powerful or sad, it is just the reverse. How can it be otherwise? God has said, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," if you mean by enjoyment, that you will have to give up sinful pleasures, of course you will have to do that; you cannot serve God and be on the devil's pay roll at the same time. Then there is another class of people, who say they would like to be saved, but they know I cannot hold out. I admit that many have gone back into sin after having, as they had thought, accepted salvation, but investigate such cases and you will find that they had not given themselves up wholly to Christ. In many cases some secret sin has been cherished. I am fully persuaded that the great reason why so

many fall back, is that instead of using all the means that God has given them of growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, they depend too much for strength on their own exertions. Then again, perhaps Satan is playing before your mind your utter hopelessness. "I would like to be saved, but I'm too great a sinner. I sinned away my chance, and now I am lost." Did you say lost? Then here is a message for you, "The Son of man has come to seek and to save that which is lost."—Treasurer of North Sydney Corps.

THE GRAND CHART.

I.—THE MESSAGE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

(Continued from War Cry March 30.)

Or, if we take another method of considering the message of the Old Testament, we shall arrive at the same result. Before your vision all the hosts of the men of all the centuries. They stand now, in imagination, like a long chain of hills, stretching far back to the first man Adam—which was the Son of God. Such an outlook at once reveals certain men who stand out from among their fellows, their hands raised above them, capped with the pure snows, and the catching first and keeping last the light of the sun. Adam, Abel, Enosh, Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, and others that space forbids our naming. Each makes the difference between these and their fellows. In every case the measure of their superiority is the measure of their understanding of, and obedience to, the will of God.

Adam erect, is so because he fulfils the purpose of God. Abel revealed, is so because he lives a life God-centred rather than self-centred. Enosh's distinction is revealed in his brief biography.

"Enosh Walked with God"

Noah, also, amid the most appalling corruption, believed God, and was saved in the works of obedience that grew out of his faith. Abraham became the father of the faithful because he went out not knowing whither he went, confident alone in the wisdom and rightness of the word of God. Moses, having himself learned to wait for the guidance of God, gave the world a code of ethics which remain the foundation of morality. The day, because it was first written with the finger of God, David's memory is revered more for his harp than his crown, and that because, through it, he sang of the law of his God. Elijah stands still as a type of the rugged, manly character, because he was the messenger of law to an apostate age. These were all great, inasmuch as they abode in the will of God; and the things that smirch the cheeks of such, were of the nature of disobedience, wandering from the divinely-marked pathway.

Thus, from the song of new-born earth to the fiery warning of Malachi, the Old Testament brings us face to face with the supreme subject—Christ. Campbell Morgan.

The children, the boys, the girls, the youths and the maidens demand the personal, earnest, persistent efforts of every officer.—Commissioner Howland.

God's way for the salvation of the children is not that they are to be trained in sin and then converted, but that they are to be converted in being trained in His fear and grace.—The General.

Lieut.-Col. Mrs. Read

AT WINNIPEG

It is not often that we have a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, of the Women's Scout Department, but when she comes to Winnipeg she is sure to be greeted by good crowds and attentive listeners, which bespeaks the fact that the people of the city are interested in her talks and in her work.

The new Citadel held a splendid crowd on Saturday night at the welcome meeting. The Lieut.-Colonel was not feeling very well in body, nevertheless, she gave us a very interesting address. Major Southall acted as master of ceremonies, and Capt. Bell, who accompanies the Lieut.-Colonel, had a few words, telling of a Rescue case in an Eastern city, which touched every heart present.

Sunday, at 11 a.m., the Lieut.-Colonel spoke on "Faith." She clearly proved that faith is not mental conviction, but the substance of things hoped for. Major Southall drew in the net, and one soul came forward for the blessing of a clean heart.

In spite of other counter attractions near by, the Citadel held a splendid audience on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Read took for her topic, "Hope," and to say the people were interested is but a mild expression. The Lieut.-Colonel was very much exhausted when she got through, but she made a good stroke for the Kingdom.

At 7 p.m. the Citadel was filled, gallery and all. The Lieut.-Colonel pointed out the love of the Trinity, and many hearts were melted. One soul found peace with God.

Monday night, "Social address," Mayor Arbutnot was to preside, but was kept away over the railway agitation. He expressed his sorrow at not being able to be present. Major Southall took his place, and he did his part admirably.

The Lieut.-Colonel spoke for one hour, and to give the readers an idea of her speech is beyond my ability. She did exceptionally well.

Major Southall asked for donations, and in a short time about \$40 was given for the Rescue Work; one gentleman giving \$25.

Dr. Sturgeon was called upon by a woman. He attended to the work of the Rescue Home, giving his services free. He got an enthusiastic applause on rising, and made a mark with his talk.

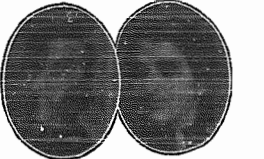
T. Greenwood, M.P.P., spoke in enthusiastic terms of the Army work. He has always been a strong admirer of the Army work, and has always contributed liberally towards it.

The Rescue Home in this city is crowded with work, and there is likely to be a strong agitation soon for a larger place—"Bonjour."

MAJOR PICKERING'S FINAL GOOD-BYE

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp Caught On.

The closing meetings of the Major's farewell tour rank among the best. Frederickton eclipsed any former visit. The P. O. was listened to with the closest attention by large and attentive audiences, and God gave His benediction to the series of meetings with the glorious result of thirteen souls and tip-top finances.



It has been one continual rush. The P. O. and staff left Frederickton in the early morn; spent a couple of hours in the Provincial Office, dealing with a multiplicity of things, and then

boarded the cars with the Chancellor once more, to fill the Halifax appointment.

Some sixty officers met in council. The whole series of these gatherings were characterized by a whole-hearted acceptance of the principles of the department of the P. O., yet Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp were assured of royal welcome from the Eastern Wing of the Maritime Provinces. It was a "spontaneous" affair from beginning to end, and will ever be remembered by its eternal results. Four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat.

St. John saw the closing of the farewell campaign, and right from the first song to the last strains at the Union Depot, on Wednesday afternoon, the whole proceedings were marked with a spirit of devotion to the flag, which told of allegiance to those principles which are not affected by changes. The Major's valedictory address was a forceful deliverance, and his closing exhortation was a splendid tribute to his successors; it made everyone present feel that his greatest joy in leaving those he had learned to love lay in the fact that they had allied themselves to principles that never change. With one unanimous voice the whole assembly declared that in sunshine or in storm, the officers and soldiers would stand by the incoming leaders (Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp).

The officers gathered in full force, with a good sprinkling of soldiers and friends, at the depot, to bid the Major farewell, and to get the first glimpse of the new P. O.'s who were to arrive on the west-bound train. A few words of affectionate farewell, and as the strains of "God be with you till we meet again," died away, the train pulled out. Major and Mrs. Pickering's command had closed, but their work will be felt for all time.

Loving messages were sent to Mrs. Pickering by the officers at Halifax and St. John councils. She will not be forgotten in our prayers.

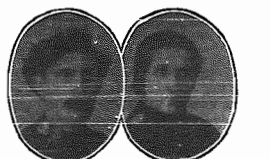
Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp have "caught on" right from the first. Their welcome has been a pronounced success.

ADIEU!

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire Say Good-Bye to the E. O. P.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

The farewell meetings of our beloved leaders have been memorable occasions to all who attended the same.



On Saturday night the French soldiers and friends showed their deep appreciation of the Brigadier's services by a farewell address, read by Professor Villard, in which the most tender feelings of love for him and regret at his departing, were expressed. The Rev. Mr. Terrien also spoke of the blessing that the departing P. O. had been to numbers outside the ranks of the S. A.

The Brigadier, in a few well-chosen words, replied to the heart and soul turned to the more important things, man's standing before his God. While dwelling upon the words, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting," conviction fell upon the crowd and tears began to flow, and at the invitation, a young man (French) volunteered out for God, and got blessedly saved.

A farewell tea and officers' council had been arranged for Monday afternoon. All the city officers and a number of our outside corps were present. When the opportunity was given for

each to have a word, the officers expressed their deep sorrow at the Brigadier's departure. "Since he has come amongst us he has been a leader, a counsellor, and a brother." "We shall remember him as the spirit of comradeship, and heartfelt interest in us," were some of the expressions used.

Mrs. Pugmire, in a few faraway words, stated that although she had been able to get around the Province as much as she would have liked, on account of having her little family to care for, and not having the best of health, yet she had grown to love the E. O. P., and was sorry to leave, but where God called she was prepared to follow.

We shall not soon forget the Brigadier's last soul-stirring words of exhortation and advice, in which he urged us to be true, to uphold the honor of the flag, and to prove faithful to the Christ who has called us to follow, until we should all meet again in the Morning.

Tea was kindly provided by Mrs. Egan Williams and Adj. Ellery, to which we all did ample justice.

At 8 p.m. a united farewell meeting was held in the No. 1 barracks, of which all the officers and soldiers of the city corps were present. A large number of farewell messages from the officers of the Province were received, but owing to the lack of time, only those from the District Officers could be read. The Chancellor, Staff Capt. Burditt, on behalf of the Staff and Field Officers of the Province, presented the Brigadiers with a beautiful, illuminated address.

Mrs. Pugmire told of some of the difficulties they had had to face, but how God had wonderfully brought them out more than conquerors. Mrs. Pugmire had endeavored herself to all with whom she came in contact, more especially so in the city. We have fallen in love with her, and as she herself said, she had fallen in love with us. In fact she would not mind taking a few more years remaining here with us if it were possible. However, we trust she may come and see us again. There is a standing invitation for her to do so.

On rising, the Brigadier was greeted by a warm and hearty welcome, and since he came to this Province, and he has spared no effort to advance the cause of righteousness and push the old church along. Although his health has not been the best at times, yet he has not considered himself, and as a result of his devoted service the work is rolling on with redoubled speed. We shall always remember him with deep love, and we can predict that in his new appointment as Territorial Spiritual Speed, as in his labors among us, God will give him the desire of his life in the salvation of many souls.

The city corps considerably surprised the Brigadier on his departure from the C. P. B. station, and so far as the policeman at the station gate was concerned, he looked dumbfounded, as something over 100 Salvationists, with brass bands, marched in on him and started to play "God be with you till we meet again," followed by hand-shaking and expressions of sorrow at their loss. But "All aboard!" soon put a stop to it all, and the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," as the train steamed out.

We are looking forward with pleasure to Major and Mrs. Turner's coming amongst us, and we are looking forward to continued victory. We shall stand by our new leaders to push the war.

After talking with a nagging woman it is a great relief to take a roll in a bed of stinging nettles.

Know that strength is yours in proportion to your progress, enough for each day, be it mental, physical or spiritual. Realize that there is a reward for every labor, rest after every task, and rise for every faculty developed. Your reward may not be what you expect; probably it will be much better. The power which comes from trying more than worth the cost. Adieu!—Adieu!—In the April Ladies' Home Journal.

The Lindsay District.

Major Turner Bids Good-bye to the Lindsay Corps and Officers of the District.

The meetings in connection with the above visit have been, to say the least, most successful. On Saturday, the officers and soldiers of the surrounding corps commenced to arrive, each one bringing forward to seasons of rich blessings. At night the brass band of the city corps

has only lately been organized, did good service. The open-air was a real old-time, blood-and-fire affair, and was conducted by Capt. Rose, of Uxbridge. Major Turner soon joined us, and after marching to the barracks took the reins, and we had a real, hearty, glad-to-see-each-other time. The building was nicely filled, and we all felt that it was a beautiful commencement to the series of meetings.

At 9:30 a.m. the writer was privileged to attend the J. S. Company meeting, which was well attended and was beautiful in every respect. At 11 a.m. we got another spiritual feast. "Barriers," was the subject chosen by the Major, and he handled it in a manner that brought all present to see their position in the sight of God.

The afternoon gathering was splendid. A well-filled hall, an expectant lot of officers and soldiers, made it a real enjoyable evening. Music and song was a prominent part of the meeting. Capt. Rose read about the widow's son, of Nain, and in a most excellent

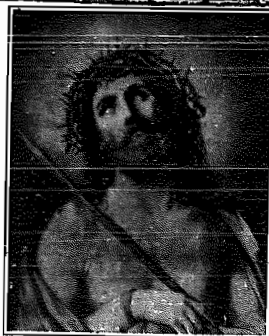
in. The night meeting, my what a time! A most beautiful open-air meeting was followed by a regular revival salvation meeting, which was attended by a large and attentive audience. The Major was divinely upheld, and in a plain, but forcible, way expounded "The many family," and as a result of the efforts of our salvation battalions, three young men surrendered to the claims of God. May they become valiant warriors of the Cross.

Next on the program was the Council for Field and Local Officers, at 2:30 p.m. on Monday, as an official goodbye to our beloved Major. After he had given us all some good, practical advice, having his remarks on St. Luke iv. 18, each one present had a few words of personal testimony and farewell. Then came the grand wind-up—a huge banquet and jubilee. The Peterboro brass band gave most valuable assistance. This meeting consisted of songs, drills, instrumental music, and so forth. An address on the officers of the District was read to the Major, and a final farewell given him in good Salvation Army style.

"God bless Major Turner," is the prayer of all who were privileged to have access in the salvation of souls attend his efforts in his new command.—I. C. Capt.

It is not an accident that heavenly purity should mean human blessedness. It is the very nature of things that it should be so.—The General.

You are never quite conscious of how many disagreeable lodgers there are in that many-chambered mansion you call your self!—until anger or envy or hate knocks at the door—and presto!—one comes trooping back out of unhappy creatures—rancor and uncharitableness, and suspicion, and all unkindness, a perfect army of enemies to peace and happiness.—Helen Watson Moody, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.



(Continued from last week.)

II.—THE REQUEST ITSELF.

In my last week's article I dealt with the circumstances of the hour which called forth the request from our blessed Saviour, "Can ye not watch with Me one hour?" To-day I want to speak upon **THE REQUEST ITSELF**.



IRST, I would like to point out

IT WAS A PERSONAL ONE.

Through all the records given us of Christ's life, we do not meet with a parallel utterance. This was the only time mentioned when He asked for any kind of assistance for Himself. At the Well of Samaria it may be thought that He made a personal demand, but this is not so. When He asked of her who drew the water there, to give Him to drink, it was a means of illustrating to her poor, dark spirit the vast difference between the water of earth and the Water of Life, and not to appease His own thirst, leaving on record an eternal lesson for all saviours of men to carefully observe the far-reaching benefits in the law of adaptation in the winning of souls.

Christ adapted Himself to this woman's daily work, and by this means wrung a heart-conviction from one of the most difficult classes of sinners.

But this request, "Watch with Me," was purely in search of some help for Himself. Hitherto all demands made, all questions asked, all sermons given, all miracles wrought, all efforts exerted, and even the tears He had shed, had been for the uplifting of others. The children, from His hand, had received their blessing, the guilty their forgiveness, the unrepentant their warning, the weary their rest, the sick their healing, the troubled their peace, the dead their life. But now He is about to face this trial hour; He is going down alone into the Shadow of the Valley; all the powers of Darkness storm the forts of Love and Mercy in His Saviour's heart, while keen anticipations of the morrow's agony tear away at the tendrils of the human soul, and He seeks that help which the sympathetic watching of these three poor fishermen can give. Does this not show that although a life may be entirely consecrated to others, there will be times when the human soul will rise in all the power of its individuality, and assert its irresistible and legitimate claims, and thirst, in its grief, for that peculiar sustenance and help which alone can come from a human heart? Hence we need not be surprised or hurt if, when our tears are falling, we naturally crave for a human hand to wipe them; or if, when in travail for our Master's cause, our palms are sharpest, we turn for a human touch to soothe them, and yearn for some spirit to watch whilst ours presses through the agony.

Christ asked for this sympathy. It was a stigma upon all mankind that He HAD to. It is a fact too painful for our minds to dwell upon, that there was no eye keen enough to detect the opportunity for the only help which could alone be of any service in such an hour. No hand stretched out in voluntary attempt to share the weight of a woe drawing blood-drops from One Who had been stirred to His depth by a woman's single tear. Yet, so still it is; we are surrounded by those who, in the blackness of a mid-night agony, look through the darkness for some eye to watch, some heart to care, some spirit to feel, and we in our close-sightedness, and coldness, and condemnable indifference, never perceive the need, although we call ourselves followers of this same Gethsemane's Christ and Calvary's Saviour.

SECONDLY, I SEE THIS REQUEST WAS MADE FROM MAN TO MAN.

HIS spontaneous impulse of a burdened heart searched for its echoing response in the heart of another. The sympathy of a multitude was neither its demand nor its need. In the soul's

agony it is not sympathy in chorus that is craved, but the single note of one understanding and plying heart.

Only five days back, amid a vast and unanimous crowd, the voices of those sleeping disciples had been loudest in that outburst of enthusiastic joy and welcome plaudits. They surpassed His expectations in their ringing cries, "Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord!" But when it came down to THE SERVICE TO BE GIVEN FROM MAN TO MAN they miserably, and deplorably, and treacherously failed. So we find where the crowd does not fall short, or the one in the crowd does not disappoint us, the one alone often does. In multitudes of cases we discern that strong tendency to muster all resources to render that particular service which our vocation demands in all its dealing with the many—the outpour of heart and nerve-energy from public platform, or in pulpit, in open-air ring or Sunday School class, tells of no restraint in the expenditure of strength for God; but when it comes to giving that consideration asked to meet the need of a single man in one of the by-ways of life, there is a shameful neglect of what may be, according to Heaven's counting, a more serious sin. Such can serve a multitude, but not his brother. They sing in the church, with great gusto,

"While Jesus' love through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless, mercy cries."

and object to the reclaiming of a backsliding follower, and give every reason why their name should not be re-written on the members' list. They preach and declare the love of Jesus blotting out the transgressions of the whole world, and delight to see the penitent form, or the communion rail, full of those who have been the avowed enemies of God, and in their own hearts there is not sufficient of this Divine compassion to persuade them to be recognised to the one soul that has been at enmity with them. They expound, with great eloquence, the story of Christ's wonderful miracle performed for the healing of the smitten heart of the widow of Nain, but are strangely dumb as there passes them in the doorway the swollen eye-lids, the pale face, and the rounded shoulders of a frail form clad in the mantle of a life's heaviest bereavement. She bit her lip as the fresh tears started, but they did not see it; they were not "watching."

Sympathy with the Individual

Oh, this sounding and seeming like a saint with the NUMBER, and this acting like a heathen with the ONE! Oh, this carrying the cross in public, and this unwillingness to watch with the sufferer in private! Oh, this pouring out of pity in the abstract, and this brutal sleeping and indifference in the particular! To whom is man to go for this higher service which sympathy alone can give in the struggle and bivouac of life, if not to his fellow? Is there not provided in the vast, measureless capacity of the human heart those touches of indescribable consolation, those elements of indefinable resources, those dear, tender, priceless fountains of ten million love-droppings, which word is often too rude, or too feeble, to voice, and which discourse is often too pronounced to carry, but which find the outlet of their sweetest waters in the full channel of sympathy? It is only when man fulfils his obligation to his brother he can fulfil his duty to his God.

AGAIN, THIS REQUEST WAS HUMAN.

IT REVEALED CHRIST'S HUMANITY, as all hours of trial and sore mental strain reveal ours.

A keen realization of the inherent feelings of our human nature is no indication of an impoverished soul, or a low state of grace. While the creative energy of God is manifested in the stupendous systems of earth and space, and His Omnipotence is declared in the supreme government of worlds, the Divinity of God can alone be spoken through the human heart. And so Christ brought God into man, and coming to save a wrecked race wrought that exquisite intermingling of the finite and the infinite—man and God—earth and Heaven, and by the bruised and broken body of human sacrifice, raised in Divine resurrection, bridged the gulf between a ruined world and its recovered glory. God Himself had to become human to save a human race, and while every would-be Saviour of man must be in possession of all spiritual graces, it is of equal importance that he should retain all the manifold expressions of his humanity in order to touch and save a human world.

I have heard people say, "I am too human." One cannot be too human any more than too Divine—that is, if our humanity is sanctified, giving us Divine power to over-rule natural weaknesses, and making possible that glorious blending of God and man, which constitutes the chief characteristic of a Saviour. We must be careful to make a correct discernment between our human nature ruled by God, and our human nature without the governing, purifying hand of God to give us the God-victory over the ten thousand shrinkings of flesh and blood expressed in the trial hour in the "Nevertheless, not My will, but Thine, be done," while leaving to us the intense humanity which puts us on a level with another creature, spoken in the "WARREN WILLIAMS."

Surely Jesus, in coming down from Heaven to find earth, showed that that supposed righteousness which shunts us up in a little heaven from it, was useless to man and unacceptable to God. He sent His only begotten Son to wade through its deepest waters of miseries and pains, to be acquainted with all its griefs, and save it from all its wrongs. Yet I have known people—oh, yes, many people—who assume such an exclusive condition of saintliness that their sympathetic capacity has fallen so far short of estimating and comprehending the demands of wronged and wounded humanity, that they are absolutely useless upon the steep slopes of this up-hill world. I have seen more of the characteristics of God in many a sinner than the prints of Jesus in them. They are so impressed with the scrupulous integrity of their own lives that they are never so happy as when they are STRIKING THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THEIR OWN SELF-RIGHTEDNESS AND THE UNRIGHTEDNESS OF ANOTHER.

They cannot pity—they scold. They never need advice—they instruct. They cannot understand—they accuse. They cannot bless—they condemn. They will not sit with publicans and sinners—they sit with saints. No one ever comes fully up to their idea of true Christianity. They are sparing in mercy, and abundant in judgment. Their favorite portions of the Bible are where the plagues bit, and stung, and starved the Egyptians—where the fires burned Sodom—where the earthquake swallowed Korah: and their favorite texts, such as "The wicked shall be turned into hell," and "Then will I laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh." All the impassioned out-pouring of God's compassion and forbearings—His limitless mercy—His measureless provision for every want of the human and immortal soul are strangely overlooked by them—indeed, they would be out of place in their sharp-lined and compressed tips.

Too Far Off

I don't know exactly where such people stand, but I know it is somewhere all out of reach of

(Continued on page 13.)

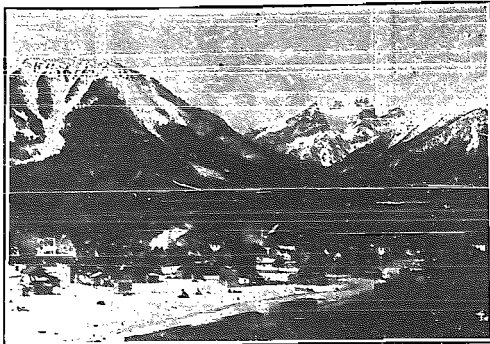
FROM THE CROW'S NEST.

Although Fernie, B. C., is one of the youngest towns in B. C., it is not without its charms. It is situated in a valley surrounded by lofty peaks, that seem at first impenetrable, but through which may be heard the shriek of the C. P. R. locomotive, on its way from Nelson, through the famous Crow's Nest Pass.

It is now many years since coal was discovered in this, one of the richest coal regions in America, but only about three years since development was started by the Crow's Nest Coal Co., with about twenty men. During the second year many more miners were brought in from Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, until to-day there are about

750 Men Employed

by the company—over 500 of these in



View of Fernie, B. C.

The Salvation Army opened fire on Nov. 3rd, 1909. When we stepped off the train we were met by several soldiers, who had stood true and shown their colors, among them being our present Treasurer, Bro. Dan McMillan, who came with one of the first batches of men from Cape Breton, and has worn his uniform, sold War Crys, and, in fact, has done a great deal to prepare the way for the Army. God has set His seal upon our work, and many souls have been converted. To-day we have thirteen soldiers, seven Local Officers, and quite a number of recruits

ready for enrolment, also a most encouraging Junior Work with an average attendance of thirty-five under the able leadership of J. S. S.-M. Teeters. The Band of Love has been launched, and has at present a membership of thirty-two. At a recent visit of the P. O. Major Hargrave, they gave a very creditable entertainment. God bless the children.

The people of Fernie have been extremely kind, and have come nobly to our help. As a result we are practically out of debt, and are in a fair way to have our own building in the course of a very short time, in one of the best localities in town.—W. W. Lacey, Capt.

Treasurer McMillan

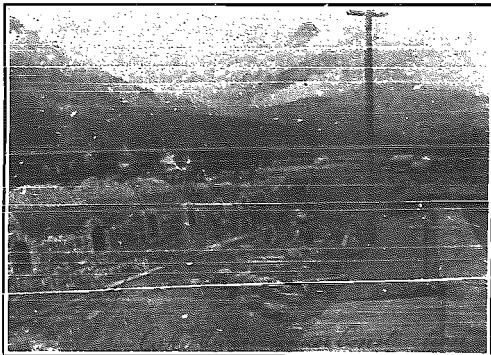
I praise God for what He has done for me. Looking over my past life I



have nothing good to say of myself, but when thinking of the marvelous change which the love and mercy of God has made in my life, I can never express my thankfulness for the way in

which He has led me.

I was born at Port Morien, C. B. My parents were consistent members of the Presbyterian Church, and did all in their power to lead me in the paths of righteousness. I gave no heed to their instructions, but at the age of fourteen I learned to drink, and visited the saloons very often, I



Coke Ovens Under Construction at Fernie, B.C.

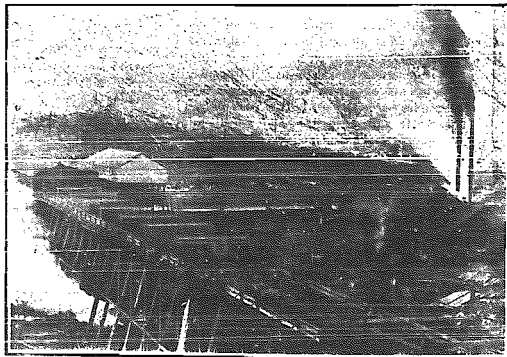
the mines, the remainder at the coke ovens.

per day, and allowing 300 working days per year, it would

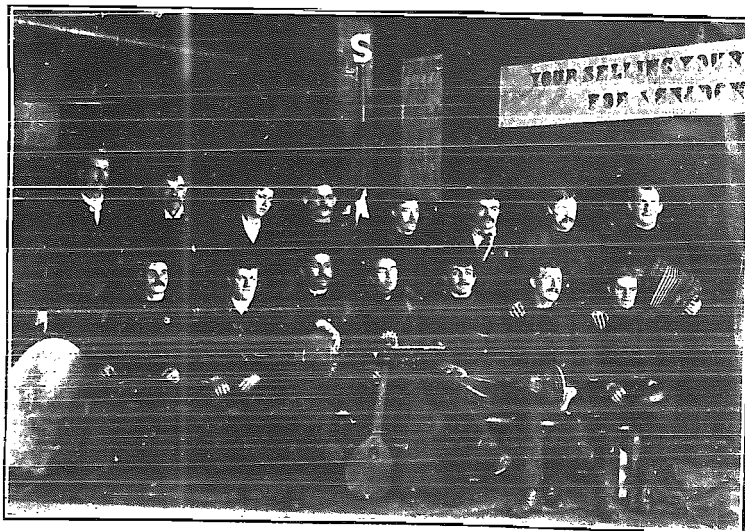
Last Over 6,000 Years

The mines are situated five miles from, and about 500 feet above, the town, the men being carried to and from their work by special train. The present-day output of coal is from 1,000 to 1,200 tons per day. The supply of coal is said to be almost unlimited, there being 550,000 acres of coal lands in the Crow's Nest country, and it is estimated that in that area are 20,000,000,000 tons of coal. This would admit an output of 10,000 tons

There are at present 315 coke ovens in operation, with a daily output of 450 tons of coke. The re-brother on the snow from these ovens at night is most beautiful. The contract is let for many more to be built. The company has been tireless in its efforts to make this an up-to-date camp, and is at present planning to spend about a quarter of a million dollars on dwellings, etc.



Mines of the Crow's Nest Coal Co., of Fernie, B.C.



Fernie, B.C., Officers and Corps.

soon became a perfect slave to the appetite, and although I made resolutions to reform, before long I broke them, for I had no will power.

I wandered from place to place. During the three months previous to my conversion, I worked in four different calleries. I neglected my wife and family, and my life became a burden to me. I got more and more miserable, until I was on the verge of suicide. When the Salvation Army opened in Little Glace Bay, C. B., I was invited by a friend to attend. The meeting was conducted by Captain Bennett (now Mrs. McPherson). God bless her. While in the hall that night God, in His love and mercy, convinced me of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come. I was led to feel myself a lost and guilty sinner in the sight of God, but had not the courage to go to the penitent form for three long weeks. But one night after that I made my way to the penitent form, and there I met Jesus. He blotted out the black past, and took away the evil desires.

Over four years have passed, and I find still in Him my sufficiency. I must truly say that all His ways are pleasantness, all His paths are peace: in times of trial and temptation I have a friend to go to who will help me to overcome. I thank God for the Salvation Army, and I mean to be true to its colors till I die.

The branches grow out of the vine as long as they stay in the vine.

BATTLE BULLETINS

Bay Roberts.

Souls are coming home to Jesus. On Wednesday night Adj. McLean and Ensign Hisecock were with us, and we had a good meeting, with three penitent souls rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Come again, Adjutant, and bring Mrs. McLean with you. —M. Noel, Ensign.

Bismarck.

We have had to close our meetings on account of the small-pox, but we are not disengaged in the fight, neither do we believe in sticking in the ruts. Our officers, Capt. Bunson and Lieut. Lewis, and Corps Cadet Johnson visited the enterprising little mining town of Wilton, which is only a few months' old, but is already equipped with stores, hotel, elevator, livery barn, lumber yard, opera house, a splendid depot, newspaper, and also boasts of being the youngest town in the United States to be lighted with electric lights. The two meetings held in the opera house were well attended, the people coming for miles around to attend the meetings. Much interest was manifested, and the audience showed their practical sympathy by contributing freely to the collection, which were A. 1.—The Criterion.

Bonaville.

The Siege of the Lost is on here in full swing, many backsliders are being reclaimed, and some old-time soldiers are again taking their place in our ranks. Fifteen souls were saved, twenty-five sought the blessing of a clean heart, and eighteen were enrolled during the past two weeks.—A. B.

Bothwell.

We have just had a visit from Adj. Combs. Saturday night we had a lovely open-air and inside meeting. Sunday's meetings were times of blessing. Crowds and finances were O. K. We have just started the J. S. work again, and are believing for a good time in the same.—Capt. Harman.

Brazoria.

We had a good day on Sunday, and at the close of the night meeting two dear young girls came and fell at the Master's feet, and found pardon.—Capt. S. E. Dales.

Bridgewater.

The Captain has been away to council and the Lieutenant led the meetings, assisted by Bro. Lamm. The crowds were small, owing to a free show being in town. One young man got saved Tuesday evening, and others are convicted.—Heporier.

Charlottetown.

We are pushing the war, and think God for victory. One brother, for many years a backslider, was gradually converted this week. Bro. Hawley, who cannot be surpassed for hard work and labor in the Kingdom, has just finished giving the entertainment of drills and song service, which has enabled us to nearly clear the winter's coal bill. Sec. Ellis, another indefatigable worker, has met with a serious accident and will be laid aside for many weeks to come. We ask the prayers of Christians for God's hand to be laid upon her. We need every one in the fight.—M. Graham.

Clinton.

Last Saturday we held a special meeting, entitled "The Salvation Army on Trial." The two drummers were handcuffed and taken to the barracks, where they were charged with being a nuisance. After much deliberation on their case they were set free, nothing being proved against them. Much evidence was given in favor of the good accomplished by the S. A. The Soul-Saving Troupe is coming this week, and we are anticipating a good time. Two souls have recently sought Christ.—Mrs. F. Brown.

Dartmouth.

We have had some special times in connection with the Siege. The backsliders' tea was a grand success. One dear brother, never before converted,

gave himself to God. Our "men's meeting" was one of the most profitable times we have ever had. The scathing truths took hold of the consciences of those present, and four men stepped out boldly and courageously for God and in the right. The reception meeting for the officers coming in to council was held here. Adjutants Dowell and Ryers led off in an old-time free-and-easy. One of the worst storms we have had was raging, but, in spite of all, everybody enjoyed themselves; and, best of all, God was with us. We are sorry, indeed, to lose our dear Major, but accept with all grace our new leader.

Dresden.

Though we have only been in Dresden a little over one week, we have had some blessed times. Sergeant Major Graham, with his wife and grandson, from Thamesville, spent the week-end with us. We had large crowds, great interest and deep conviction.—Mrs. Captain Huntington.

Dundas.

We had a special meeting and social on Monday, led by Staff-Captain Stanov, assisted by Adjutant Desbrisay and Hamilton brass band. The barracks was filled, and everybody enjoyed the meeting.—F. J. H.



Capt. and Mrs. Lacey, Fernie, B. C.

Fenelon Falls.

The officers, soldiers and friends of the Fenelon Falls Corps went to Bobcaygeon on Tuesday evening, and held a rousing meeting. Although we saw no visible results, we believe the people were led to feel their need of salvation. They are anxious for us to come again. We are having victory. Another backslider returned on Sunday.—Christie.

Grand Forks.

The siege is going well, and we are in to reach every target. Last week Cadets McFarland and Baylison arrived at the garrison, and we welcomed the Ensign home after attending his brother's wedding. On Sunday one soul sought a clean heart in the holiness meeting. Captain Blodgett, who is on rest, assisted at night, and one soul sought salvation.—L. H.

Jamestown.

Last week three prodigals returned home. God's Spirit is working, and many are being brought under conviction. An interesting event took place recently, when Brother Chas. Vogt took unto himself a wife. May God bless them, and make them a power for good.—E. H.

Kemptville.

Since last report two wanderers have returned to the fold. We give God the glory, and march on conquering and to conquer.—L. Y.

Little Bay Island.

Quite a change has taken place here. God has been with us. Captain Bes-

ton is working hard, and the interest is increasing. We had a good time on Sunday. God's presence was felt, and at night one young man came out to the penitent-form. During the week nine more sought salvation.—E. R. Jones, Secretary.

Listowel.

We have just had a visit from the Soul-Saving Troupe, and many were turned from darkness into light. The Listowel soldiers mean to fight the devil every time. The Sergeant-Major is a real blood-and-fire soldier, and does a great deal to help the work.—A Friend.

London.

The meetings during the week were led by the Major and Staff-Captain, and a number sought salvation. Last night five souls knelt at the cross. Soldiers and friends are delighted to hear of Colonel and Mrs. Jacob's coming visit to London.—C. S. M.

New Whatcom.

On February 15th our P. O. Major Hartgrove, with darkness us. We had a good meeting, the Major gave us a good talk, but we made no captures from the enemy. Since last report we have had nine out for holiness, seven for salvation, and three soldiers enrolled.—Sergeant-Major.

Sunday, and one soul came to Jesus.—Onlooker.

Roseland.

God is answering car prayers here. We have had glorious times during the Siege. The first Sunday two souls sought pardon at the foot of the Cross, and during the week one was reconciled. The second Sunday a backslider returned to the fold, and during the week two more were saved. Yesterday morning, at knee-drill, one who had been a backslider for fifteen years, found peace. The Junior work is going ahead. The first Sunday of the Siege we had an increase of ten Juniors. The officers and Sergeants, while the War Crys, do not forget to ask the children to come to Sunday School.—W. Wardell, J. S. S.-M.

Simcoe.

A week of victory has just closed. The soldiers were out in full force and the barracks was nearly filled. The converts are coming along fine. Since last report twenty-two Juniors and three Seniors have given their hearts to Jesus.—B. G.

Snohomish.

We are pleased to report two souls coming to Jesus, and many more under deep conviction. Sunday night we had one hundred and thirty in the hall, and a real good meeting. We are believing for a grand revival in Snohomish.—Capt. Porrenoud.

St. George's.

Our special meeting on Thursday was grand. Everybody was pleased. Bro. Soon's solo, "Is it well with my soul?" was well rendered. Our string band gave us some good music, and the brass band was out in full force. We are going on to victory.—A Comrade.

St. Johnsbury.

Capt. Owen is bravely pushing the fight here. Last week public salvation meetings were held every night. They were attended by fair numbers, and the interest was good. Capt. Paul, with his lantern, did good work on a recent Saturday evening, and the following Sunday we had the largest number of people at the evening meeting that we have had for months. We shall be glad to see the Captain whenever he visit St. Johnsbury. We are sorry to learn that Capt. Owen must soon leave for another field of labor. Although his stay here has been short, he has made many friends by his earnest and cordial manner.—W. C. R.

St. John's I.

Everything seems to be on the up-line here at No. 1. Adj. McLean has been around the Bay for the past week, and during his absence Capt. M. Jaues held the fort. We had beautiful meetings, lots of souls, and great collections. We are sorry to part with our good Captain, who is about to leave us. God bless and prosper him.—Jessie Johnston.

St. John's II.

Souls have been saved nearly every night during the past week, and God's power has been wonderfully felt amongst the saved and unsaved. On Thursday about seventy officers were present at a far more than a close hearted words after which he took his departure to another part of the battlefield. On Sunday we besieged the strongholds of Satan, and ten precious souls came to the Cross, making a total of twenty-one for the week—sixteen for salvation, and five for sanctification.—S. French, Cadet.

Peterboro.

Saturday night and all day Sunday we had with us our new P. O. Major and Mrs. Turner. Their visit was enjoyed by all, and we closed the week-end with four souls seeking the Saviour.—N. Smith, R.C.

Pictou.

We are having glorious times, nine souls at the mercy-seat last night, and four the Sunday previous. The soldiers are all on fire, and full of fight and faith. We are believing for a still greater smash.—Ensign Pugh.

Fillis's Island.

Through faith in God we shall have the victory. We have launched out in the siege with eleven souls in the fountain, and are believing for wonderful times, and a harvest of souls in the future.—S. Snow, Lieutenant.

Riverside.

Staff-Capt. Archibald, with a number of ex-prisoners, conducted a very successful Prison-Gate meeting, at Riverside. The large audience was very much interested in what was said, and we believe much good was accomplished through the meeting. Major and Mrs. Turner farewelled on

Sturgeon Falls.

We have just had a visit from our new T. F. S. Ensign Perry. The maple lantern service, on Saturday night, was preceded by a torch-light procession, which created quite a sensation, and was the means of attracting a large crowd to the barracks. The service, entitled "50 degrees below zero," was much appreciated by all. On Sunday we had glorious meetings, and right throughout the day the presence of God was felt. In the afternoon six more of our comrades took their stand for God as soldiers under the flag. At the close we rejoiced to see seven kneeling at the feet of Jesus, three of whom were Juniors. At night the Ensign conducted the faro-nights of "Card Pulling," who, on account of sickness, has been compelled to go on furlough. May God bless her. One more soul knelt at the Mercy Seat.—Lieut. E. Meander.

Truro.

Last Thursday the meeting was led by our D. O. Adjt. Byers; Captain Smith, from Springfield; and Capt. Armstrong, from Parrsboro. The meeting sought salvation. The meeting was a time of rejoicing. Capt. An drews and Capt. Smith became so happy that they actually danced. God is helping us, and a little has been paid on the great debt that faced us on our arrival here.—Capt. E. Enslin.

Uxbridge.

The powers of darkness are being defeated, and souls are being saved. Two more backsliders came home this week.—Cadet-Lieut. Minnits.

Virdon.

We are having quite a revival at a country appointment. The meetings are held in a school house. This week we can report nine souls, and two for blessing. Many more are under conviction.—Capt. F. H. Brown.

Westville.

We have recently had a visit from Adjt. Dowell, Capt. Leathley, with his manifold and new Glasgow corps. The meeting was enjoyed very much. Meetings were led by Capt. Leathley, Ensign McDonald, and Capt. Lamont. The string and brass bands rendered good service. We had times of blessing and victory. Large crowds. One soul at the Cross and one \$12 for the week-end. Last week's cartridges were the best for years. The Cry is all sold out. Victory!—Ensign and Mrs. Knight.

THE SIEGE IN WEST ONTARIO.

The S. R. has been taken up with great enthusiasm in this Province, and every officer has got his force in good fighting trim. The Gospel guns and field pieces are well supplied with the proper ammunition, which takes sure effect. The sword with which each officer is equipped is in the best of work. The enemy is very stubborn, having bolted and barricaded every gate, and strongly guarded every position of advantage; but reports just to hand bring the intelligence that the sword of the Gospel has been very successful, and a breach has been made in the fortress. The enemy fled in all directions and—

The City of "Man-Soul" is now Occupied

by the Prince of Peace. About one hundred such cities in different parts of the Province have been captured during the first week of the general Siege, and are now in possession of their rightful Lord. Some desperate fighting is now going on in the different divisions, and there are reports from each station of successful sorties under the noble leadership of the Corps-Commanders. As soon as we take possession the inhabitants take such a hatred for their old master, and such a love for the new One, that they immediately start to get others to come over to our side. For two weeks all our efforts are turned to the Junior work. Instructions have been given to all Corps-Commanders that they must capture every boy and girl they can lay hold of, and recruit for the Army of the Prince of Peace. We are believing that many shall be enrolled in this manner.—Major McMillan.

EVAPORATED EPISTLES

MISSOULA reports a service of song, a bean social, and good meetings throughout the week. Conviction is stamped on many faces, and they are believing for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit.

FEINIE.—Six souls sought salvation during the week. A Band of Love demonstration was held, the proceeds of which amounted to \$13. This corps was delighted to have a visit from the P.O. Major Hargrave, and are asking for him to bring Mrs. Hargrave in the near future.

Life in London.

SEIKIRK.—Adjutant Cass and Captain Smith have visited this corps. The Captain lectured on "Life in London." The Sunday's meetings led by the Adjutant were times of much blessing, and souls were convicted.

HARBOR GRACE.—Two souls have recently sought the Saviour, and one came for the baptism. The corps of the W. C. and Young Soldiers are held out every week, and things in general are looking brighter.

DESEBONTO.—The correspondent here reports that they are not frozen up. The Junior work is booming, and they had a good service of song. J. S. Clark, the Irish Captain and her Lieutenant from Napanee paid them a visit.

WILT COVE.—The officers and soldiers are working very hard in the interests of souls. They have had an Army wedding, when Brother Noah Goss and Sister Mary were united in marriage. The building was packed, over two hundred being present. Sunday's meetings resulted in one soul seeking salvation.

BOWMANVILLE.—The salvation war is going on here with Captain and Mrs. Howell in the lead.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—The battle is raging. Six prisoners have been taken, and many more are wounded. The Siege is proving a great blessing to all.

Saved on His Death-bed.

TRINITY.—The officers recently visited a dying man at Spaniards Bay. They dealt with him about his soul, and he accepted Christ. Shortly after this he passed away. They also visited a sick woman, and found her ready for death. The meetings are good. War Cry are sold, and the comrades are doing their best for God and souls.

BARRE.—The weather was stormy at Brigadier Pugmire's farewell meeting here, but they had a good time. The attendances are increasing, crowds and finances getting better, and God's Spirit is working mightily upon the hearts of the unsaved. Two prodigals have returned to their Father's house since last report. Captain Poole, the T.F.S., has paid them a visit.

Twenty-six Souls.

ST. JOHN'S I.—Adjt. McLenn has a good hold of this corps, and everything is on the increase. Twenty-six souls for salvation, nine for a clean heart, and \$86.00 income for one week is splendid. The J. S. and Band of Love work is going ahead; the brass band is making good progress; converts are taking their stand as soldiers; and soldiers are becoming candidates. Will the comrades pray for Treasurer John Badocek, who is very low.

HERRING HEAD.—Captain Lowery still storms the forts of darkness here. They have had an enrolment since last report, and two souls seeking Christ.

SARNIA.—A good crowd turned out to a soup supper. After supper an interesting programme was rendered. Brother Patterson sang with telling effect. "The last letter my mother wrote to me," accompanying himself on the guitar. Brothers L. and M. Parker's instrumental selections were enjoyed by all. Five souls have been saved, and the converts are doing well.

GOOSEBERRY ISLAND.—The Lieutenant reports the soldiers full of faith and fire, and the power of the Living God coming down upon them. Eight souls have professed conviction.

ATROIA.—Sinners are seeking the Saviour, and testifying of His saving and keeping power. Watch further reports.

KNOX-CASTLE and Pie Social Success.

NEW-DRILL.—Mrs. Captain Clark came over from Chatham to assist at a Pie Social, which was a great success. Kne-Drills are coming up, and souls are being saved.

ST. JOHN'S IH.—Captain Sheppard has faredwell, and Captain Hisecock is now in command of this corps. The soldiers are on fire for God and souls.

OTTAWA.—The spiritual fire is burning up the dross, and seven souls have sought Christ. The brass band and Band of Love are holding special meetings on Monday and Wednesday evenings during the Siege, instead of having practice as formerly.

GREAT FALLS.—Soldiers and converts are marching on to victory. The jail meeting on Sunday was well attended, and the service was very impressive.

EXPLOITS.—Ensign Gosling, the D. O. accompanied by Lieutenant Reader, has visited this corps, and held a very interesting meeting. The first real Army Flag was presented to the corps.

PITON.—At the memorial of Brother William Sturges five precious souls knelt at the Cross. A good crowd attended Brigadier Pugmire's farewell meeting, and gave excellent attention as the Brigadier spoke on "One great question." Two desired our prayers, and one sought Christ.

In Quantities.

MINOT.—The city is quantified, and public meetings are prohibited, but our comrades are making the most of the open-air meetings. Twelve souls have sought salvation since our last report.

LISGAR ST.—Major Stewart gave us a helping hand on Sunday, also Sergeant-Major Cooper from Peterboro. Three souls knelt at the Cross. Brother Bennett also took part in the service, and in marriage. Major and Mrs. Turner, who were soldiers of this corps, have faredwell. Their comrades wish them God speed.

SPOKANE.—Six souls have cried for mercy. A service of Song has been held, entitled, "Serving the wind on the wind whirling." It was a pathetic service, and was well received by Mrs. Major Hargrave, who, with the Major, led the meeting. Mrs. Staff-Captain Taylor was present, and at the close two souls gave their hearts to God.

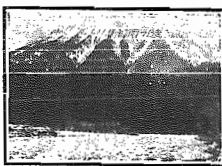
A Drunken Mother.

DEVIL'S LAKE.—Ensign Stalper's Lantern Service, "A Drunken Mother, or Drink's Curse," was enjoyed by all, and the proceeds amounted to \$10.50. A profitable and joyful meeting, and a song service entitled "Beer and Religion," have been held. One soul came to Jesus.

RICHMOND ST.—Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Margots spent the Sunday at this corps. Sister Crydman faredwell for Huntsville. Two backsliders have returned since last report.

BUTTE.—Two wanderers came back during Reconciliation Week. On Sunday night the first to come was the little daughter of Sergeant-Major Pearce. She was followed by a poor, drunken woman, and a man. Captain Inas, an old soldier of this corps, assisted in the meetings.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Major Pickering's farewell meeting was a time of power. Tears were seen all over the hall when the Major spoke on "A Suicide's Confession." He was accompanied by Adjutant Dowell and Captain Fleming, who made the meeting interesting with their music and song. Five more souls sought salvation. While the officers were visiting, a poor, unhappy woman gave herself to God. Thirty souls were saved during one week recently, twenty-six of them being Juniors.



Fortie Mountain and Elk River, B. C.

OUR HISTORY. II.—THE ROMANS.

(CHAPTER XLIX.—Continued.)

ALARIC THE GOTH.

Alaric was driven back for a time, but there were awarriors of Germany who were breaking in where the line of border had been left unprotected. A fierce heathen chief named Badbalus, advanced with at least two hundred thousand men, as far as Florence, but was there beaten by the brave Stilicho, and was put to death, while the other prisoners were sold into slavery. But Stilicho was neither loved nor trusted by the Emperor or the people. Some abused him for not bringing back the old gods, under whom, they said, Rome had prospered; others said that he was no honest Christian. At last the Emperor ordered him to make his son Emperor. When he married this son to a daughter of Arcadius, the people made sure that this was his purpose. Honorius threatened to the accusation, and his new favorite, Olympius, persuaded him to army to give up Stilicho. He fled to a church, but was persuaded to come out of it, and was then put to death. And at that very time Alaric was crossing the Alps. There was no one to make any resistance. He entered at Ravenna, saw behind walls and marshes, and cared for nothing but his favorite poultry. Alaric encamped outside the walls of Rome, but he did not attempt to break in. He waited all the time, and he starved out. When they had come to terrible distress, they offered to ransom their city. He asked a monstrous sum, which they refused, telling him what he had done to them, and that that was the end of their resistance. "The thicker the hay, the easier to mow," said the Goth. "What will you leave us then?" they asked. "Your lives," was the answer.

The ransom the Goth demanded agreed to pay was five thousand pounds' weight of gold and thirty thousand of silver, four thousand silk robes, three thousand pieces of scarlet cloth, and three thousand pounds of purple. This he took from the treasury in the capitol, and melted down the images of the old gods to raise the sum, and Alaric drew off his men; but he came again the next year, blocked up Ostia, and starved them for a month. He then sent a man called Attilus, whom he ordered them to admit as Emperor, and they did so; but he the governor of Africa would send no corn while this man reigned. The people rose and drove him from the city. This time Alaric brought Alaric down on them. The gates were opened to him at night, and he entered Rome on the 24th of August, 410, exactly eight hundred years after the sack of Rome by Brennus.

Alaric did not wish to ruin and destroy the grand old city, nor to massacre its inhabitants; but his Goths were thirsty for the spoil he had kept them from so long, and they gave them leave to plunder for six days; but not to kill, nor to do any harm to the churches. A sort of wild, furious men could not, of course, be kept in by these orders, and terrible misfortunes befell many happy families; but the main work was done. The great churches could have been expected, and the great churches of St. Peter and St. Paul were unhurt. One old lady, named Marcella, a friend of St. Jerome, was beaten, to make her show where her treasure was hidden, and when at last her tormentors came to believe that she had spent her all on charity, they led her to the shelter of the church with her friends, and when she was there, they saw that she was dead. After of what she had undergone, they were angry, saying, "Alaric drew off his forces, leaving Rome to shift for itself."

Alaric marched southward, the Goths plundering the villas of the Romans, men nobles on their way. At Cosa, the extreme south, he fell ill of a fever, and died. His warriors turned the stream of the River Blouzo out of its course, caused his grave to be dug in the bed of the torrent, and when his corpse had been laid there, they slew all the slaves who had done the work, so that none might be able to tell where lay the great Goth.

Ecce Homo; or, Behold the Man.

(Continued from page 1.)

earth's poor, traveling multitude. They are like the minister, who was reading a chapter from the Bible to a little, dying boy, and who, seeing the little had become agitated, and turned his dying head the more frequently from side to side upon the hard pillow, asked, "What is the matter?" "Oh," answered the boy, with the film of death upon the eye, and the matter of death on the lips, and the pailor of death upon the cheek, and the grip of death upon the throat, "I don't know exactly what is the matter; but I am dying, and I think you are too—far—off."

I say these words, voiced from the death-pillow of this boy, speak the lack of the church to-day: TOO FAR OFF. Songs, and prayers, and pulpits, all beautiful in themselves, but away in some far-off, ulry region, out of reach of the ten million clamorings and hungerings of the dying. It has been the cause of the wreck of many a Salvation Army corps, and the heart-break and stagnation of many a fine church, and the utter uselessness of many a Christian's life, this being "TOO FAR OFF." This cold looking-on from a distance! This loud lamentation upon the sorrows of the world, and turning our back upon the bent, bruised spirits wailing through them! This pouring of splendid truth and advice through a telephone apparatus! This saying what men should do, and do, and then sleeping in absolute ignorance of the death agony through which they pass to be and do it! This deploring the lack of Christian courage, and the withholding from the one hour's watching with

those who tremble in the dread of the blood and bruise of a dark to-morrow! This cruel, heartless, inhuman, passing heedlessly by the garden of tears and distresses, when we should creep right into the enclosure and get down by the sufferer, and if only by silent watching give proof of our humanity, not cramped and crushed by our religion, but beautified—as only Christ can beautify man.

The Human Touch Needed.

Passing through the work-rooms of a glass manufactory, a visitor was especially interested in the careful moulding of the earthenware shapes in which the more fragile glass was to be fashioned. While throughout the factory there was an abundance of engineering and mechanical art, in this particular room the work was all done by hand. The visitor remarked on this to the man engaged on the task, asking why no tool was used in so important a work. The man replied, "There is no tool that can do this work; we have tried several, but somehow it needs the human touch."

And so it is with our work for Christ among the poor, the sinning, and the sad—there is so much which wants "THE HUMAN TOUCH." The hand of Omnipotence would have been too dazzling and glorious to wipe the falling tear, to heal the wound in suffering hearts, to place benedictions upon the children's heads, and to find the true notes amid the unstrung discords of wandering souls; and so God sent His Son to this world, that through a human hand, and heart, and voice, He might come in touch with earth's sorest sorrow and sharpest grief, as well as every phase of human disappointment, fault, and failing. Now, that visible Christ has gone to fulfil His work of redemption, and He

asks for such common hands as mine and yours to scatter the ten thousand blessings that only humanity, touched by Divinity, can bestow.

It is a very great mistake to leave to the Divine the duties of the human. God, in pity, often does, but it is not His intention to do, for a man want his comrade should do for him, and when you saw that sister weeping, or knew of the heavy blow which came down upon that brother, driving we through every chamber of his heart, or that trial through which that soul had to pass, raining disaster on business prospect, and grief on every widow of the homestead, it was a monstrous cruelty to leave them to their knees and the throes of the anguish alone; and your neglect was as great as that of the sleeping apostles, BEING NEITHER HUMAN NOR DIVINE.

I have heard it oftentimes said, with reference to a soul struggling in the depths of a great temptation, "Leave them to God. He is always near." Yes, God is ever nearest when the storm is strongest, "when the rains are on the river the sun is on the hill," near by, and God will never fail. He was near His only begotten Son in this black, hell-embittered season, and the angel bearing strength as well, yet Jesus asked for the human sympathy of these poor fishermen, leaving upon eternal record the momentous importance of having our human sensibilities quickened by the love and touch of God, so that we may be awake to the demands of the human heart in order to reach and save the immortal soul. For we must not forget that it is only by laying our fingers upon the "harp of a thousand strings" we can re-tune its silver chords, and make it to echo with the harmonies of Heaven.

(To be continued.)

FERNIE BRAVES.

Secretary Newton

I was born in Shropshire, England, in the year 1873, and was brought up in the Church of England. I am sorry to say my father was a slave to liquor, and as I grew up I followed his example. I tried hard to get rid of it by leaving home and old companions, and coming to Canada. Instead of improving my ways, however, I went further into sin. I was always craving for that cursed liquor, and tobacco, until I thought of ending my life. But, glory be to God, things have changed since then. I met the Salvation Army in the city of Winnipeg. The Spirit of God strove with me, and I got converted. That was on August 27th, 1897, and since then I have proved His grace to be sufficient. Now I am enjoying life and the blessing of God, and am living to do His will. I have given myself up entirely to the service of God and the salvation of souls.

P. S.-M. Steele

I rejoice in the knowledge that my sins, which were many, are all forgiven, and the past is under the blood. I am thankful that God ever showed me my lost condition, and I believe that I have the desire to come and seek this wonderful salvation. I came to the place where I saw the resolutions I made in my own strength were utter failures; there I woke to the fact that the road to hell is paved with such resolutions. I believe that we are souls in hell to-day who depended on good resolutions to keep them. I find real happiness in serving and doing God's will. My desire is to help and to bring others into the same path which leads to eternal life.

Drum-Sergt. Ed. Yereux.

I was converted in the Army in Winnipeg, under Staff-Capt. Galt, was a soldier till the Spring of 1900, when I fell from grace and lived a most miserable life. I then came to Fernie, B. C., where I again attended Army meetings, and there I found God. He has again pardoned all the past, and

I find great pleasure in doing His will. I am determined to do what I can to extend His Kingdom.

Ordery-Sergt. Miron.

I was born and raised near the city of Ottawa, on the Ayinger road, and was a member of the Episcopal Church; came West about eighteen years ago, when I was only a boy, and lived on the prairie almost ever since, ranching in Alberta. I have nothing great to tell of myself. I have a careless life, as far as my spiritual needs were concerned. But in a little town I attended the S. A. meetings, and became deeply convicted of my sins. I became so miserable on account of them that I could not sleep at night. They asked God to help and deliver me from my past life, and He heard my cry, and broke the fetters that held me to the world. I am now rejoicing in the knowledge that my sins are under the blood. For two years I have been a soldier in the great S. A., and they have been the happiest days of my life.

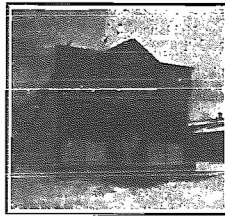
Color-Sergt. Wm Thomas.

I am glad I'm saved, glad that God ever showed me my lost state. I am also glad that when God called me, I came to the foot of the Cross. He gave me the witness that I was saved. Once I was a drunkard, swearer, and blasphemer, but I'm glad all evil desires have been taken away. Now my desire is to do the whole will of God, and I'm glad this experience can be for every drunkard and sinner who is willing to forsake their sins.

J.S.S.-M. Teeters.

I was born in 1873, brought up in a mining town until I was 15 years of age, when I ran away from home, landing first in the little town of Pittsburg, Tenn., where I, like many others, having no one to care for, and no one to care for me, entered into vice and sin of all kinds. I was trying to do the whole will of God, and I'm glad this experience can be for every drunkard and sinner who is willing to forsake their sins.

I made a resolution to live a better life. Shortly after this I left for the North-West, where I thought I would settle down, but I found the desires for drink and other things came upon me very strong. I tried to resist by joining a church, but not being right in my soul, I went away. On the 1st of July, 1898, I first saw the S. A. in the town of Lethbridge, and, of course, I had to see what they did, and every minute I was in their meetings. I could not stay away. I was deeply under conviction, and at last yielded to God. He came into my heart, and since then my life has been one of joy and blessing. I praise His name. He has taken away the desire for sin and that awful cup to which I was a slave. I know He will keep me, and all others who put their trust in Him.



S. A. Barracks, Fernie, B.C.

London, Ont.,
October 4th, 1900.

Having been physician to the Salvation Army Rescue Home for some years, I wish to make a few statements regarding the admirable work done there in rescuing fallen girls, and in bringing up of the infants of such. It is marvelous the way the officers reform these girls and lift them up to a high level by their kindness and faithful teaching. When the girls leave the Home they are placed in good positions, and, to assure you how they appreciate the work done there, they always remain in touch with it by visiting the Home frequently. Thus they are still helped which they have any weak condition remaining. I might quote many cases of successfully reformed girls. This noble work should receive the hearty support of all.

S. Hutchins, M.D.

Hallelujah Wedding at Neepawa.

For some time large posters had been announcing a Hallelujah Wedding. A Salvation Army wedding invariably arouses an unusual amount of interest, and this one proved to be no disappointment in this respect. March 13th had been the date fixed, announced, a very large crowd had gathered, filling the barracks to its utmost capacity, while many were unable to gain admission.

The meeting opened with a well-known song, played by the band, which was made up of visiting ones, while the instruments were kindly loaned by the Neepawa town band. After a good sing, everybody awaited the arrival of the wedding party. We had a long wait. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed at the appearance, headed by Ensign Stanger, followed by Major Southall, followed by the enlisted parties, Wm. S. Habrick and Sister Maud Campbell, who were supported by Capt. H. Habrick and Sister Hawkins. The Major immediately took the meeting, and everybody was soon in the best of spirits. After a song by Capt. Glover, a few short speeches were given. Among the speakers were Mrs. Habrick, mother of the bridegroom, who promised to be a good mother-in-law; next came Capt. Cronarty, who gave some good advice, especially to the young ladies; then a few words from Treas. Falls, who, while so rejoiced to see another man made happy, regretted that he had been left so long a bachelor. After a song by Captain Taylor, and a duet by Ensign Habrick and Capt. Taylor, the lesson was read by Ensign Habrick, who, after reading, proceeded to read the Articles of Marriage. Major Southall then called upon the party to stand forward. The "I wills" were said with no uncertain sound, when the Major pronounced the bridesman and bride. Everybody wished the newly-married couple a long and happy life, which was expressed by a hearty clap. After a few words from the bride and groom, the meeting was brought to a close.

Among the visiting officers were Atto. McTee, Ensigns Stanger and Habrick, Capt. Glover, Cronarty, H. Habrick, and Lieut. Oxenrieder. The Major also presented the new curly colors to the Neepawa corps.—Banjo.

A good and holy example lives for ever in the memory of a child.—The General.

OUR HUSTLERS HONOR ROLL

EASTERN PROVINCE.

91 Hustlers.

Lieut. White Frederickton	226
Lieut. Loug, Yarmouth	182
Sergt. Adjt. Fraser, Halifax	164
Mrs. Adjt. Dowse, New Glasgow	160
Capt. Brehaut, Hamilton, Ber.	159
Capt. Andrews, Truro	141
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	138
Captain England, Truro	130
Ensign P. Knight, Westville	130
Lieut. MacWilliams, Carleton	109
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	100
Lieut. Taylor, Windsor	100
Sergt. Mrs. Saiters, Hamilton, Ber.	100
Cadet B. Duncan, Newcastle	98
Sergt. Morrison, Sydney	80
Lieut. A. Murrough, Stellarton	75
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Chatham	75
Lieut. Chandler, Summerside	75
Lieut. Melkie, Hampton	75
Lieut. Cecil Tate, St. John V.	75
Sergt. H. Flood, Hamilton, Ber.	75
Capt. Lawes, Sydney	70
Capt. Winchester, Houlton	70
Capt. Bowering, Campbellton	70
Lieut. Redmond, Stephen	70
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	70
Capt. Hawbold, Sussex	65
H. Murphy, Dartmouth	60
Capt. Leadley, New Glasgow	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Lieut. Reeves, Lunenburg	60
Lieut. Jones, Houlton	60
Jennie Parsons, New Glasgow	57
Capt. Forsey, Canning	55
Lieut. Amy Harding, Annapolis	52
Lieut. Annie Young, Weststock	50
Capt. A. Allen, Weststock	50
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	50
Capt. MacEachern, St. Stephen	50
Capt. Payne, Calais	50
Lieut. Leblanc, Calais	50
Sergt. Mrs. Platt, Truro	50
Capt. Armstrong, Parrsboro	50
Capt. N. Smith, Spring Hill	50
Sergt. Murray, Sydney	50
Capt. W. H. Brown, Truro	50
Sergt. Martin, Truro	50
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	45
Capt. Bell, Somerset, Ber.	45
Mary Selig, Halifax	45
Lieut. Truham, Halifax I.	42
Lieut. McLeod, Somerset, Ber.	40
Mrs. Fraser, New Glasgow	40
Sergt. Mrs. Platt, Hamilton, Ber.	40
Lizzie Newell, Dartmouth	40
P.S.M. Caslin, Halifax I.	38
Sergt. Young, Spring Hill	36
Sergt. Fairweather, St. John III.	35
Lieut. March, Sydney	35
Capt. T. Perry, Grand Manan	35
Capt. Clark, Chatham	35
Mrs. Capt. Powering, Campbellton	35
F. Adams, St. John V.	34
Sergt. M. C. Fraser, Fredericton	33
Lieut. Muriel, St. John III.	32
Capt. Kirk, Clark's Harbor	32
Capt. Wilson, Bridgetown	30
Cadet McDonald, Bridgetown	30
Capt. Tiller, Liverpool	30
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Westville	30
Lieut. Dowell, N. Glasgow	29
Capt. Greenland, Amherst	29
C-Cadet Munard, N. Sydney	29
Sergt. Burns, Somerset, Ber.	29
C-Cadet Chislett, N. Sydney	29
Mrs. Capt. Mallor, Hamilton, Ber.	29
Sergt. MacDove, Dartmouth	28
Mrs. Louthier, Spring Hill	28
Mrs. Squires, Spring Hill	25
C-Cadet Marshall, St. John III.	25
Jennie Parsons, Spring Hill	25
Candidate Trickett, Glace Bay	25
Sister Thompson, Moncton	25
Sister England, Chatham	25
Sister Mrs. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	25
Sergt. Holden, St. John III.	25
Cand. H. Fraser, Halifax I.	21
Cand. H. White, New Glasgow	20
Jennie Rogers, Windsor	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

80 Hustlers.

Lieut. Kitchin, London	271
Lieut. Crawford, Brantford	257
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	210
Lieut. Knuckle, Woodstock	164
Lieut. Malsey, St. Thomas	123
Capt. Horwood, Woodstock	110
Capt. Brankage, Leamington	105
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Stratford	100
Ens. Crawford, Goderich	100
C-Lieut. Yeomans, Wingham	95
Ens. Hollet, Galt	95
Bro., Berlin	84

Cand. Schermeborn, Campbellford	50
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
C-Lieut. Rutledge, Prescott	50
Sergt. McCormick, Prescott	50
C-Lieut. Hollister, St. Albans	50
Addie Donnelly, Cobourg	50
Sergt. Burke, Belleville	50
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	50
Mrs. Welch, Burlington	50
Capt. Slater, Peterboro	47
Capt. Crego, Cobourg	42
Sergt. Stone, Peterboro	40
Capt. Vance, Morrisburg	40
Lieut. Langley, Morrisburg	40
Capt. Newell, Newmarket	40
Mrs. King, Nanawau	40
Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	38
Cpt. Redburn, Millbrook	38
Mrs. Elliott, Nanawau	35
Lieut. Hood, Nanawau	35
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	35
Capt. Gammage, Sunbury	35
Capt. Weir, Prescott	32
Mrs. Kettle, Ottawa	31
Marcus Clark, Newmarket	30
Capt. Randall, Odessa	30
Willis Williams, Montreal I.	30
Cap. Ash, Belleville	30
Cap. Norman, Quebec	30
Capt. Grose, Quebec	30
Cap. Crego, Quebec	30
St. J. LeVitt, Picton	27
Adjt. Babington, Peterboro	25
Lieut. Bushey, Kamptville	25
Mrs. Wheelock, Kingston	25
T. Magee, Wakefield, London	22
C-Lieut. Jewell, Picton	20
C-Cadet Butcher, Peterboro	20
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Vacour, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Mrs. Gillan, Trenton	20
Miss Gillan, Renfrew	20
Mrs. Hawley, Cloyne	20
Stephen Stanzell, Carleton Place	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

67 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton	325
Capt. Hanna, Midland	84
Magie Bowman, Midland	80
Sergt. Rennie, Temple	80
Edith White, Barrie	70
Capt. Rennie, St. Catharines	70
Capt. Wilson, St. Catharines	67
Sister L. H. Wilson, St. Catharines	67
Mrs. Stewart, Ligar St.	61
Cadet Dauberville, Lippincott St.	55
Ensign Hyde, Bracebridge	55
Sergt. Bowcock, Lippincott St.	50
Capt. M. A. Moffat, Newmarket	50
Capt. Matthews, North Bay	50
Lieut. Bone, North Bay	50
Adjt. Walker, Riverside	50
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	50
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	50
Sister L. C. Hamilton I.	49
Sister L. C. Hamilton I.	49
Lieut. Porter, Dundas	47
Capt. Carwardine, Dundas	45
Ensign Brant, Chesley	45
Capt. Pattenden, Newmarket	45
Lieut. F. M. Macdonald, Newmarket	45
Sergt. Tuck, Ligar St.	44
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Bowmanville	40
Capt. Meeks, Barrie	40
Sergt. Golden, Lippincott St.	40
Capt. Bowers, Sudbury	40
Lieut. Reynolds, Sudbury	40
Capt. Stoilker, Riverside	40
Capt. McCann, Hamilton II.	37
Cadet L. Jago, Hamilton II.	37
Father Dixon, Tempe	36
Ensign Leat, Tempe	36
Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	32
Mrs. Medlock, Temple	30
Lieut. Griffith, Ahme Harbor	30
Capt. Liston, Richmond St.	30
Bro. S. Smith, Sudbury	30
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	30
Capt. Marshall, Peversham	25
Capt. Clark, Huntsville	25
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	25
Capt. Simpson, Ligar St.	25
Capt. M. Campbell, Riverside	25
Capt. LeCocq, Temple	25
Maud Harvey, Tempe	25
Capt. Calvert, Rampton	25
Lieut. McGregor, Brampton	25
Sergt. M. Campbell, Chesley	25
Cadet Owens, Temple	22
Sergt. Bradley, Temple	20
S. M. Bowers, Ligar St.	20
Sergt. Brown, Huntsville	20
Bro. Miller, Bracebridge	20
Bro. Calvert, Bracebridge	20
T. Boyer, Bracebridge	20
P. S. M. Small, St. Catharines	20
Lily Oase, Hamilton I.	20
Cadet Frow, Lippincott	20
Capt. Crego, Newmarket	20
Capt. Liddard, Fenelon Falls	20
P.S.M. T. Southwell, Richmond St.	20
Bro. Langridge, Richmond St.	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

77 Hustlers.

Mrs. Ens. Fugh, Picton	170
P.S.M. Barber, Burlington	170
P.S.M. Dudley, Ottawa	140
Capt. McNamee, Sherbrooke	115
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	108
Adjt. Moore, Kingston	100
Capt. Lang, Gananoque	97
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	90
Lieut. Hicks, Barre	87
Sergt. Wikie, St. Johnsbury	85
Capt. Hickman, Pembroke	84
Ensign Yerex, Newport	83
Capt. Birch, Cornwall	82
Lieut. Cross, Cornwall	82
Lieut. Liddle, Perth	78
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	75
Capt. Green, Trenton	74
Mrs. Adjt. Kendra, Ottawa	73
Capt. Adjt. Moore, Kingston	70
C-Lieut. Hawley, Brockville	65
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	62
Capt. Wilson, Port Hope	60
Capt. Carter, Belleville	60
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	60
Sergt. Proctor, St. Johnsbury	60
S. M. Dine, Kingston	60
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	60

NORTH WEST PROVINCE.

55 Hustlers.

Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	97
Sergt. D. Taylor, Winnipeg	85
Lieut. J. Cook, Rat Portage	81
Cadet Paystern, Winnipeg	78
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	70
Mrs. Grand Forks	70
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	70
Lieut. A. Lawford, Fargo	67
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Regina	65
Lieut. D. Custer, Souris	60
Sister M. Lewis, Winnipeg	60
Capt. M. Wick, Prince Albert	55
Lieut. B. Gamble, Moorhead	55
Lieut. Potter, Grafton	54
Mrs. Capitula White, Portage la Prairie	50
Adjt. F. Dean, Brandon	50
Ens. A. Thor, Calgary	50
Sister A. Pearce, Calgary	50
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Devil's Lake	48
Cadet McLaren, Port Arthur	45
Lieut. E. Ouster, Fort William	44
Mrs. Adjt. Macdonald, Winnipeg	41
Capt. Barrager, Leamington	40
Capt. R. Taylor, Neepawa	40
Lieut. Dunster, Selkirk	40
Capt. E. Anderson, Minot	39
Lieut. B. Moller, Moorhead	36
Capt. McKay, Moosejaw	35
Capt. Barrager, Leamington	35
S. M. Messer, Lethbridge	35
Lieut. A. Haugen, Medicine Hat	31
Capt. J. Ferguson, Port Arthur	30
Captain Smith, Medicine Hat	30
Capt. White, Portage la Prairie	30
Adjt. A. Thomas, Lethbridge	30
Lieut. F. Price, Carman	28
Cadet Battley, Grand Forks	26
Mrs. Capt. Cromarty, Carberry	27
Capt. N. Meyers, Moosejaw	27
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	26
C-Cadet Johnson, Bismarck	26
Capt. A. Pearce, Fort William	20
Captain Brown, Virden	25
Lieut. McKim, Lacombe	21
Lieut. McKim, Lacombe	21
Cadet Heddens, Grand Forks	22
Capt. H. Habrick, Dauphin	20
Lieut. Lenwick, Bismarck	20
Lieut. Nuttall, Minot	20
Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa	20
Capt. D. Meyers, Rat Portage	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

44 Hustlers.

Sergt. Preston, Spokane	190
Mrs. McGiff, Nelson	175
Capt. Dratch, Billings	139
Sergt. Glen, Helena	125
Sergt. Glen, Butte	125
Mrs. Ens. Cummins, Victoria	121
Lieut. Owen, Revelstoke	91
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Livingston	81
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Butte	75
Mrs. Hooke, Kelowna	70
Ensign May, Everett	65
Lieut. Buck, New Whetcom	61
Mrs. Woodthorpe, Vancouver	60
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	60
Sergt. Blackman, New Whetcom	55
Capt. Walrus, Grand Falls	55
Capt. Nesbit, Great Falls	54
Carrie Bowles, Vancouver	54
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	50
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	47
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Fernie	47
Mrs. Tetterton, Vancouver	43
Captain Gawn, Lewiston	40
Sergt. S. Dales, Bozeman	40
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	40
Capt. Boyer, Dillon	40
Capt. Jackson, Kamloops	35
Bro. Tom Whipple, Kamloops	35
Capt. Krell, Missoula	34
Lieut. Holder, Vancouver	33
Mrs. Rountree, Everett	31
Lieut. Evans, Kilspeil	30
Lieut. Smith, Kelowna	30
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	30
Mrs. Nesbit, Helena	30
Bro. Brooks, Spokane	25
Sergt. Jensen, Spokane	25
Lieut. Malcolm, Shoshone	20
Capt. Perren, Spokane	20
Secretary Newton, Fernie	20
Capt. Lacey, Fernie	20
Sister Hawkins, Great Falls	20
Mrs. Gasgill, Vancouver	20
Mrs. Berquist, Helena	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

31 Hustlers.

Sergt. J. Lidsten, St. John's I.	125
Sergt.-Maj. Ebsary, St. John's I.	75
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	70
P.S.M. Lidsten, St. John's I.	60
Sergt. Marshall, St. John's I.	60
Sergt. Blackman, St. John's I.	60
Sergt. R. Foote, Grand Bank	35
Ensign Snugg, Tilt Cove	30

For Band of Love Workers.

THE AMBULANCE CLASS

CHAPTER X.

TREATMENT OF THE DROWNED.

RULE 1.—Proceed at once to employ means to restore breathing. Do not delay this in order to procure shelter, warmth, stimulants, etc.

RULE 2.—Remove all obstructions to breathing.—Instantly loosen or cut apart all neck and waist bands; turn the patient on his face, with the head lower than the feet; stand astride the hips, with your face toward his head, and, locking your fingers together under his body, raise the body as high



(Figure 1.)

as you can without lifting the forehead off the ground, and give the body a smart jerk, to remove mucus and water from the mouth and windpipe. Hold the body suspended long enough to count one, two, three, four, five, repeating the jerk more gently two or three times.

RULE 3.—Next, place the patient on his back on a flat surface, incline a little from the feet upwards, raise and support the head and shoulders on a firm cushion or folded article of clothing, placed under the shoulder blades. Cleanse the mouth and nostrils, open the mouth, draw forward the patient's tongue, securing it there either by holding it with the fingers, or by a piece of string or an elastic band placed over it and under the chin.

RULE 4.—Grasp the patient's arms just above the elbows, and draw them gently and steadily upwards until



(Figure 2.)

they meet above the head. (This for the purpose of drawing air into the lungs.)

Keep the arms in this position for two seconds, then turn them down and press them gently and firmly for two seconds against the sides of the chest, pressing at the same time on the breast and abdomen. (This is with the object of pressing air into the lungs.)



(Figure 3.)

Pressure on the breast-bone and abdomen by an assistant will aid this action.

Repeat the measures deliberately and alternately until a spontaneous effort to breathe is perceived, immediately upon which cease to imitate the movements of breathing, and proceed to induce circulation and warmth.

RULE 5.—To excite respiration. During the employment of the above method excite the nostrils with snuff or smelling salts, or tickle the throat with a feather. Rub the chest and face briskly, and dash cold and hot water alternately upon the patient.

Do not be too soon discouraged. Remember that at any time within two hours your efforts may be successful.

RULE 6.—To induce circulation and warmth.—After breathing is commenced wrap the patient in warm blankets, and apply bottles of hot water, hot bricks, or anything to restore heat.

Warm the head nearly as fast as the body, lest convulsions should be induced. Rubbing the body with warm cloths, or with the hands, and slapping the fleshy parts may assist to restore warmth and breathing.

If the patient can swallow with safety give him hot coffee, tea, milk, or spirits. Allow the patient to have abundance of fresh air.

To Persons who Cannot Swim.

If you get into water beyond your depth do not plunge, struggle, nor throw up your hands and arms out of the water. "Tread water" in the erect position, by moving the feet up and down, at the same time slowly paddling with the hands, keeping them under water. If any person approaches to rescue you preserve your presence of mind and do not grasp him; do what he tells you. If any small object of support be thrown in your place it under your chest or arm-pits, and do not struggle to raise yourself out of the water; your head will not go under if you follow these directions: and you may keep your mouth and nose above water long enough for assistance to arrive. By considering these directions carefully now, you will be less apt to lose your presence of mind should occasion arise for acting on them.

Capt. Burry, Tilt Cove	30
Sergt. Oran, Harbor Grace	30
Capt. Wiseman, Greenwood	30
Cadet Butler, St. John's II	30
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I	25
Sergt. E. Hutchings, St. John's I	25
Sergt. E. Gibbons, St. John's I	25
Sergt. H. Strowbridge, St. John's I	25
Cadet F. White, St. John's I	25
Cadet S. French, St. John's I	25
Cadet A. Peddel, St. John's I	25
Cadet H. Whilshire, St. John's I	25
Sergt. Evans, Hants Harbor	25
Sergt. Pitcher, Scilly Cove	25
Sergt. Peckham, St. John's II	24
Treasurer Miles, Tilt Cove	22
Caud. E. Payton, St. John's I	20
Sergt. Ash, Harbor Grace	20
Nile Rose, Grand Bank	20
S.M. Bartlett, Brigus	20
Sergt. M. Bineant, New Town	20
Sergt. B. Andrews	20
Sgt. Mrs. Seward, Heart's Content	20

THE KLONDIKE.

2 Hustlers.

Captain Long, Skagway	107
Ensign Gooding, Skagway	98



The East Just Two Ahead of Arab—Mag
Maintains Her Supremacy Over Nig-
gar—Currell Beats Her Own
Record—Kitchen Second,
Crawford Third.

These are exciting times. The East saves her lead by two only, while East Ontario keeps still ahead of the Central. In the West the North-West goes eleven better than the Pacific. Newfoundland has 31 this week.

It will be interesting to watch the effects of the changes. What will Newfoundland do under the new P. O.? Then the East is going to be supervised by a sharp man. The two Ontario changes will doubtless affect the whole situation, and, altogether, there will be a pleasant time watching the Hustlers' fight.

The personal champion hustlers are well represented this week. Lient. Currell holds the top with 325, beating her own record and holding up Niagara's reputation. Kitchen (271) of the N. O. P., and Lient. White (216) of the E. O. P., hold second and third places, so that the three Ontario Provincians are represented.

Others who have achieved specially big sales are Mrs. Rock, of Chatham (210); Lient. Long, E. P. (182); Bro. Preston, Spokane (189); Mrs. Adjt. McMill (173); and Mrs. Adjt. Frazer (164).

Nothing More Squalid.

Everything is done by the soldiers themselves to make war seem a picturesque business. The uniform, the sword makes the glittering steel, the martial music, all help to quicken the blood of even the most timid, and hide from him the horrors of actual warfare. In fact, an army engaged in the work for which it was unbolted and trained, undertakes the most shocking and anti-social task to which man can turn himself. Nothing can be more squalid, filthy, or inhuman than actual war, and to think that it should be the means of deciding disputes between civilized nations which are capable of producing jurists and publicists of the first rank! In this way, the real nature of the war would be laid before the public carrying it on, and something would be done to disabuse the minds of the young men and their parents of the idea that war is simply a kind of diversion. In the nature of a foot-ball game, which will elevate their character and improve their health and increase their business.—From World Wide.



to Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one who is in distress. Send us your names, addresses, and the names of the persons you are looking for. We will do our best to find them, and if possible, to deliver them. If you are in need of money, we will send you some. If you are in need of food, we will send you some. If you are in need of clothing, we will send you some. If you are in need of anything else, we will send you some. We will do our best to help you in any way we can.

First Insertion.

RUSSELL, ARTHUR J. Age 25 years, height 5 ft. 11 in., light complexion, blue eyes. Left Minden, Ont., on the 5th of April, seven years ago. About three years ago his father received a letter from him, but nothing has been heard of him since. Father enquires.

GLOW, JOHN. Age 33 years, height 5 ft. 11 in., dark hair, brown eyes, fresh complexion, Laborer. Last address was Dundas, Ont. He left his home about four years ago, and has been over to Canada. His wife is anxious to know his whereabouts.



NEVISON, JOHN T. Age 16 years, light hair, fair complexion. Sent to a Home in Canada about nine years ago, from the Middlesex Union, Sisters enquire.

LUSK, HENRY. Age 63 years, height 6 ft. or more, fair complexion, blue eyes, had dark hair (probably grey now). Trade, roofing houses. Formerly of Ekeford, Michigan, last heard of at Fargo, N. D., and Duluth, Minnesota, 12 years ago. Sister enquires.

STRETELY, JESSE EDWARD THOMAS. Age 14 years, fair hair and complexion, weak eyesight, and of for twelve months. Was sent out to Canada through Dr. Barnardo's Home. Last address was c/o John Young, Rosburn, Manitoba.

ALLEN, JOHN. Age 26 years, height 5 ft. 9 in., black hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Left his home in England, last June. Last known to be in the employment of the Grand Trunk Railway, Canada.

TAYLOR, HUGH. Present age 26 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, rather a long neck and has a mark on the side of it. He left his home in Burnley, for Canada, in March, 1896. Last heard of at Huntsville, Ont., where he was a soldier in the Salvation Army. Parents anxious of his whereabouts.

HULME, JOSEPH. Age 28 years, height 6 ft., dark hair, fair complexion. Deserted his wife some six years ago, came to Canada, and is believed to be working on a farm.

PREPPER, FRANK. Age 30 years, height 5 ft., Auburn hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, birth-mark on his right hand. This man left England four years ago last July. Last known to be was c/o W. Cook, Verdner P. O., N.W., Canada. Last employer's address: Mr. Dugal, Claerfeld, Canada.

PHILL, WM. THOS. Age 39, height 5 ft. 4 in., complexion fair. Trade, miner. Left Copper Cliff, near Sudbury about three years ago. Last heard of in February, 1900, from Seattle and Hartford, Wash., U.S.A. Went with the 1st Washington Volunteers, H. Company, to Philippine Islands. Parents enquire.

A woman cries ten times out of wounded vanity when she cries out of really wounded feelings. And each one of the ten times does her good. Let your wounded vanity smart all that it will, for vanity is a kind of "proud flesh" of the human soul that has to be trampled with sharp crosses every little while to keep it from becoming an excrescence that will disfigure the whole character.—April Ladies' Home Journal.



Jesus, the Mighty to Save.

By THE GENERAL.

Tunes.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 170); The Cross now covers my sins (B.J. 80).

1 O Jesus, the Mighty to Save,
I seek Thy great mercy to prove;
To plunge 'neath the all-cleansing wave.

And rise to Thy fulness of love.
The unclouded light of Thy face,
Pour into my weak, fearful heart;
Oh, come, and Thyself fill the place,
And never, oh, never depart!

I come, precious Saviour, to-day,
Embracing Thy beautiful will;
Thy every word to obey,
Thy every wish to fulfil.
Oh, never, no, never to sin!
Oh, never, no, never to doubt!
To always have peace dwell within,
And triumph o'er devils without.

O Jesus, I come to Thy feet.
For help in this glorious strife;
More courage—more faith I entreat,
To live the all-conquering life.
The burden of souls then I'll bear,
The cup of Thy sufferings drink,
And perishing crowds I shall dare
To rescue from hell's awful brink.

O Jesus, I hear Thy glad voice.
The Fire, now descending, I feel;
Thy Spirit has honored my choice,
In me Thou dost heaven reveal.
Once more all I have is Thine own;
By Thy aid my foes be overcome.
With God I must win in the fight.

Not My Own.

2 "Not my own" but saved by
Jesus,
Who redeemed me by His blood;
Gladly I accept the message,
I belong to Christ the Lord!

Chorus.

"Not my own" Oh, not my own!
Jesus, I belong to Thee!
All I have, and all I hope for,
I time for all eternity!

"Not my own" To Christ, my Sav-
ior,
I, believing, trust my soul;
Everything to Him committed,
While eternal ages roll.

"Not my own" My time, my talents,
Freely all to Christ I bring.
To be used in joyful service
For the glory of my King.

"Not my own" The Lord accepts me.
One among the ransom'd throng,
Who in heaven shall see His glory,
And to Jesus Christ belong.

Free From the Bondage.

Tune.—Free from the bondage.

3 I'm a happy soldier on my way to
heaven,
Though in sin I've wandered, I'm
forgiven;
When the Saviour saw me on the
mountain cold,
He brought the wanderer to His fold.

Chorus.

Free from the bondage, free from the
fear,
Crowned with salvation, heaven even
here;
Shouting "Hallelujah" as we march
along,
Oh, come and join our happy throng.

Since I've joined the Army, battles
I have seen,
Conflicts and temptations I've been in;
But the strength of Jesus daily to me
has given,
Has kept me on the way to heav'n.

Oh, what peace and comfort does the
hope afford,
Soon to be in heaven with the Lord;
There we'll shout for ever, all our
trials o'er,
And sing upon a happier shore.

My Childhood's Prayer.

Tune.—He's the Lily of the Valley (B.J. 7).

4 There's a tender recollection, and
it lingers with me yet,
From my memory it will never
fade away.
Of the many scenes of childhood, there
is one I'll never forget,
When I knelt at my dear mother's
knee to pray.
I recall the scene with joy when I
was a little boy,
In remembrance it will ever sacred
be.
Many years have passed away, but it
seems but yesterday,
When as a child I knelt at mother's
knee.

Chorus.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
How that little prayer brings child-
hood's scene before me,
"God bless papa, God bless mamma,
Make a real good boy of me."
That's the prayer I learned at moth-
er's knee.

It's a token of affection, and to it
I fondly cling.

That little prayer I ever will revere,
Of the happy days of childhood fond
memories it does bring,
And the one I love so well—my moth-
er dear.
Now, no matter where I roam I will
love my dear old home,
But there's one thing that is dearer
far to me,
And until my dying day it will never
fade away,
That little prayer I learned at moth-
er's knee.

Backslider's Song

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

5 From that home and Father
Thou hast strayed, backslider,
Turned thy back on Jesus,
And thy Saviour slain.
Though thy sins are crimson,
All may be forgiven,
Start again for heaven,
Welcome home again.

Chorus.

Welcome home again,
Welcome home again,
By a loving Father,
Welcome home again.
(Repeat.)

O'er the past lamenting,
Now thy heart's repenting,
Of thy ways repenting,
Welcome home again.
Now thy steps retracing,
This grand chance embracing,
Faith all darkness chasing,
Welcome home again.

Grace to be a soldier,
Never getting colder,
Always getting bolder,
Welcome home again.
Earth and hell dethyng,
Calvary's colors flying,
Victory living, dying,
Welcome home again.

Boundless Love.

Tune.—Calling for the wanderer home (B.J. 30, F.S. 33).

6 Jesus stands, and knocks, and
pleads,
Calling for the wanderer home;
And for sinners intercedes,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Chorus.

Boundless love, beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Jesus longs to set you free,
Calling for the wanderer home.

As a lamb to slaughter led,
Calling for the wanderer home;
On the cross His blood was shed,
Calling for the wanderer home.

He has often called before,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Now He's waiting at the door,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Come, oh, come, while yet He stands,
Calling for the wanderer home;
While in love He spreads His hands,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Soon His mercy will be o'er,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Thou shalt hear His voice no more,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Salvation.

Tune.—Where do you journey (B.J. 233).

7 Oh, think of the claims of your
Savior,
Oh, think of the path that He trod,
How weary He was and forsaken,
To bring guilty rebels to God,
And though far in sin you have wand-
ered,
Left virtue and goodness and right;
Though talents you've wasted and
squandered,
Yet Jesus can save you to-night.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus can save you to-night,
Yes, Jesus can save you to-night,
Pursue the broad way of destruction,
For Jesus can save you to-night.

No matter what kind of transgressor,
No sinner's admitted on high;
Unless a salvation possessor,
No hope will you have when you die.
Give heed to the best invitation,
And over-board on self and pride,
For sinners of every nation
There's pardon with Christ crucified.

Peace Like a River.

Tune.—It is well with my soul (B.J. 343).

8 When peace like a river attendeth
my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows
roll,
Whatever my lot Thou hast taught me
to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

Chorus.

It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though
trials should come,
Let this best assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless
estate,
And hath shed His own blood for
my soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious
thought—

My sin—not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I hear it no
more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh,
my soul!

And, Lord, haste the day when the
faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the
Lord shall appear,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

—H. G. Spafford.



COLONEL JACOBS

will visit

MONTREAL 11, Sat., April 13.
MONTREAL 1, Sun., Mon., and Tues.,
April 14, 15, 16.
KINGSTON, Sat., Sun., Mon., and
Tues., April 27, 28, 29, 30.

Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR PICKERING and
STAFF-CAPT. STANLEY

will visit Lisgar St., Sun., April 14;
Temple, Sun., April 21; Riverside,
Mon., April 22; Yorkville, Sun., April
28.

THE T. H. Q. STAFF BAND

will visit Lisgar St., Mon., April 15;
Temple, Thurs., April 18.

Spiritual Specials.

THE RED-HOT REVIVALISTS,
BRIGADIER PUGMIRE and STAFF-
CAPT. MANTON

will visit GAIT, April 18; Woodstock,
April 19; St. Thomas, Sat., April 20,
to Mon., April 22.

E. O. and Q. Province.

MAJOR TURNER

will visit Montreal 11, Sat., April 13;
Montreal 1, Sun., and Mon., April 14,
15; Montreal 17, Tues., April 16;
Montreal French Corps, Sun., April 21;
Cornwall, Fri., April 26; Kingston,
Sat., Sun., Mon., and Tues., April 27,
28, 29, 30; Napauca, Wed., May 1;
Deseronto, Thurs., May 2; Belleville,
Fri., May 3; Picton, Sat. and Sun.,
May 4, 5; Port Hope, Mon., May 6.

Lantern Services of T.F. Specials

ENSIGN PERRY.—Dovercourt, Sat.
and Sun., April 13, 14; Riverside,
Mon., April 15; Yorkville, Tues., April
16; Aurora, Wed., April 17; Rosland,
Fri., 18; Newmarket, Fri., Sat., and
Sun., April 19, 20, 21.

CAPT. POOLE.—Peterboro, Sat. and
Sun., April 13, 14; Campbellford, Mon.
and Tues., April 15, 16; Belleville,
Wed., April 17; Tweed, Thurs. and
Fri., April 18, 19; Lakefield, Sat. and
Sun., April 20, 21.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.—Ridgetown,
Sat. and Sun., April 13, 14; Rimouski,
Mon., April 15; Glenwood, Tues.,
April 16; Wheatley, Wed., April 17;
Leamington, Thurs., April 18; Windsor,
Fri., Sat., and Sun., April 19, 20,
21.

ENSIGN PARKER.—Campbellton,
Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 13, 14, 15;
Newcastle, Tues., April 16; Chatham,
Wed., April 17; Fredericton, Thurs.
and Fri., April 18, 19; Woodstock,
Sat. and Sun., April 20, 21.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Nanaimo,
Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 13, 14, 15;
Revelstoke, Wed., April 17; Rossland,
Fri., Sat., and Sun., April 19, 20, 21.

Second Edition, "Life of John Read."

This interesting biography has met
with a warm reception by the public,
and the entire first edition is sold out,
and Mrs. Read has been requested to
issue another edition. She says in the
preface to the second edition:

"It is with deepest gratitude that I
respond to a request for a second
edition of the 'Life of John Read.'
The hundreds of grateful letters which
have reached me have testified to the
benefit that this humble record of a
beautiful, true life has been. It has
accomplished its purpose, and has
lived afresh with many loving prayers.
I beg to send forth this new edition
in its mission, demonstrating how won-
derfully God honors self-sacrificing,
consecrated service."

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